General Union of Palestinian Writers

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Ghassan Kanafani

A Human, A Writer, And An Activist

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منشورات الاتحاد

PALESTINETUNES

A pledge to you, Ghassan

For two years, Ghassan Kanafani was among us, struggling with us, mobilizing and inciting, answering questions and discussing those who raised the issues of our revolution and our people. Ghassan, after all of that, or in the middle of all of that, was writing stories and political and literary studies for us as a theorist, analyst, and guide.

In all of this, Ghassan was not outside the cause. He was at its core, and therefore his experience was very rich. He was suffering what his people were suffering, a real suffering. The reader feels this suffering in his first writings, just as he feels it in everything he wrote, during all the stages of his life. Ghassan was also experiencing his people's struggle through practice. That is why Ghassan gave us a great gift. What Ghassan gave will remain a lesson for all intellectuals and an example for them in their struggle to serve their people.

Ghassan is not with us today. He left us two years ago. Today, on the second anniversary of his martyrdom, we present this collection of studies in honor of Ghassan, and a help to those who want to study his personality and literature.

On this occasion, we pledge to Ghassan that we will continue the process of liberation and return, with words and rifles, until the stolen homeland is returned, and the displaced return to their country, to establish their state on the ruins of the Zionist occupying state.

We, the Palestinian writers and journalists, will remain loyal to Ghassan, Kamal Nasser, Wael Zuaiter, Abdul Rahim Mahmoud, Omar Fahmy, and all our martyrs during the long journey, and we will be careful to learn from them [their] commitment to the cause and willingness to be martyred for it.

We pledge to you, Ghassan, that the march will move forward.

Naji Alloush

Secretary General of the Writers Union

and Palestinian Journalists

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Ghassan and Palestine

The name Ghassan Kanafani is closely linked to Palestine. It is praxis and a group of visions which have been formed that mix with the earth, blood, and wild plants. When Kanafani fell on the revolutionary path, his torn body became signs of a long road illuminated by the renewed public outburst within the nation's wounds. This man, who became a symbol for an entire generation of Arab intellectuals, was a revolutionary before anything else. From within the pain and hopes of the struggle, he wrote writings that convey the Palestinian dream. Therefore, his words came as a living pulse within the popular action.

Kanafani was born on April 9, 1936, in the city of Akka. His birth was accompanied by the revolutionary flame that swept Palestine that year in protest against Zionist immigration and rejection of the British Mandate policy. This flame spread to form one of the most important revolutions in the modern history of Palestine. Where active fighters were led by students of Izz al-Din al-Qassam, and the revolutionary tide reached an uncanny ability to organize the masses in a strike that lasted for six full months.

In 1948, his family was displaced from Akka under the pressure of Zionist oppression, and hundreds of thousands of Palestinians were displaced from their cities and villages. After the defeat of the Arab armies in the 1948 War, the dream of return became more distant, and the reality of the camp and displacement began to cast a shadow on daily life. He started running after the morsel and dignity.

After displacement, the Kanafani family lived in Zabadani, Syria. His sister was one of the first Palestinian women to immigrate to Kuwait to work in the teaching field.

In 1955, Kanafani worked for Al-Raya newspaper, which was published by Arab nationalists in Damascus. Then he became a teacher in UNRWA schools.

In 1956, he joined his sister in Kuwait, where he worked as a drawing and sports teacher.

In 1960, Kanafani left Kuwait to work in "Al-Hurriya" newspaper, published in Beirut. In 1963, he became editor-in-chief of "Al-Muharrer" newspaper. He moved from there in 1967 to become editor-in-chief of the weekly newspaper "Al-Anwar." In 1969, Kanafani became editor-in-chief of the weekly newspaper "Al-Hadaf." On behalf of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, he remained in this position as editor-in-chief, as a member of the Front's political bureau, and as its official spokesman until he was assassinated by Israeli intelligence on July 8, 1972.

In his daily life, Ghassan carried the cause of his people. He participated in the mass struggles, and conveyed the Palestinian concern in the perspective of his transformations into writing from the position of the revolutionary movement, and all of his writings centered around the issue of the Palestinian person who was robbed of land and dignity. If the body of Ghassan, a patient who suffered from diabetes in his early youth, bled under daily pain, then the lust for life was leading him to constant work, seizing the moment, to fill a history full of voices searching for the horizon.

All those who lived with Ghassan knew in him the lust [he had] for life that was filled with forward motion. Writing was not a moment of rest and contemplation for him. It was part of the battles that Kanafani fought as a revolutionary fighter. Therefore, his world comes as if it were robbing him of death and filling him with life. Thus, his life was full of moments in which ink mixed with blood. There was no break. A man who looks and writes political articles on a daily basis, and at the same time devotes himself to avant-garde literary production, which remains in our literary history a sign of renewal in form and content.

His friends say that he used to steal moments to write. He knew he would not live long. Therefore, he made his short years a history full of creative work. The pen did not stop at the end of his last novels. He stopped at the end of his life. His unfinished novels remain testimony to the necessity of continuing the process.

Therefore, Kanafani's death was not surprising - and his assassination in the manner in which he was assassinated was not surprising either. The Zionists blew him up and tore his body apart. But he's on his journey

Finally returning to his homeland, he was full of life. When the lust for life grows in death, it becomes a historical act.

Did Kanafani die?

He was writing about the land, and about those who create its glory. Therefore, when he reached out to her on his last journey, he left his body the last freedom. He walked to the ground surrounded by men's arms.

Elias Khouri

Bridges and relationships in Ghassan's stories, a study of his narrative thought

Dr. Ihsan Abbas

There was a small white cat trying to cross the street, but a puddle of water was preventing her from reaching the sidewalk. She spread her arms out and folded her legs one-half of her belly to the ground, and began to shake her body with excited anticipation, hitting the wet ground with her tail, and the next moment she took a wide leap. However, she was unable to cross the puddle, so she fell in the last quarter, and began hitting the water with her limbs in an attempt to escape.

(A World Not Ours: 104, 109)

More than nine years ago, Ghassan gave me his story, Men in the Sun, and wrote in the dedication: "to the doctor"

Although this novel is not related to Andalusia, this formula was one of those jokes that we used to exchange whenever we met, even if I forgot the atmosphere that called for it at the time. I did not want to carry the fleeting humor more than it bears, so I said to Ghassan: Andalusia on the personal level is a bridge that anyone takes, going to the past or returning to the present, and on the general level it is an "issue" in itself and "an issue in a similar way, and perhaps this is the meaning that has settled in me." A long time ago, he was the one who made me choose this same perspective when I talk today about Ghassan's narrative art.

However, there is another factor that motivated me to choose this perspective - over the other aspects and perspectives in his stories, which are many - that is, that this logic is sufficient to highlight the intellectual basis in his stories, and to reveal the theoretical foundations hidden beneath those stories. This attempt could have been easy if Ghassan's heroes had been intellectuals, or those who make ideologies a stepping stone to the workforce, or among those who return actions to an intellectual court that appreciates what it has and what it possesses. But whoever reads Ghassan's stories realizes without difficulty that his people are simple people, many of them are children or young men who work out of sincerity by nature, without reaching the age of "wisdom," and none of them attempt to philosophize the role they play or the goal they seek. Some of them sacrifice their lives without even thinking about why. Some of them bear the burden of the large family left behind by their father and homelessness without complaining. However, in such situations they are not passive, nor are they pure like angels. They fight over possession of a gun, or poverty drives them to quarrel over an apple, most of which is rotten. One of them lives on the plunder of what he can steal from the colonizer's army camps, and another depends on the fluctuation of tobacco prices and does not hesitate to exploit the sweat of the peasants, while he plays the role of mediator between them and the company. Rather, I would say that Ghassan's reassurance in his ability to depict this next real world filled with miserable toilers made him look away from the world of intellectuals or look at it with suspicion. That is why he sent Qasim, the doctor from the village of Majd al-Krum (one of the few examples that depict intellectuals in his stories), to the arms of Jewish women in Haifa, abandoning his affiliation to the village and helping its people.

He pictured him eating a slice of bread covered with butter and jam.

His friend Eva, while his little brother Mansour was carrying his borrowed rifle and trying to fulfill his patriotic duty in defending Safed as he "sprinkled a handful of dry thyme into half of a very rough brown loaf, and put the other half back into his large pants pocket". (On Men and Guns: 34) Ghassan discovered or his characters discovered, motivated by common sense, human reality, or simple social understanding, that life cannot be lived and have meaning unless the individual links his existence to a relationship or a bridge, and when the relationship is broken without being replaced by a new relationship, or the bridge is destroyed without it being possible to restore it or create it anew, life loses all meaning and death becomes its natural alternative. But before this simple truth was explored, Ghassan's characters - or his stories - went through two stages.

The first stage can be called the stage of fear of death, or the focus of attention on death. In order to understand this stage, we have to recall Ghassan's idea of death in a later stage. He expressed this idea twice in a similar way. He said in a story of his in a collection, "Land of Sad Oranges," (p. 77): "He did not have the ability to smell death as he had the ability to sense life. They once told him that this was a fatal mistake, and that life had no value at all if it were not always, standing in front of death. He said in the play "Al-Bab" (p. 62) through the tongue of God Heba, addressing Shaddad: "Then I am tired of this story...the story of death!" You know that death happens, but that life does not mean what it is, it does not mean what you know about it and what you feel with it, unless you put it side by side with death, so how do you want to explain death without bothering to explain life without it? They have been dying since the earth was formed,

and even now you look at death as something mysterious and strange." If we consider these two statements, we find Ghassan insisting on balance in looking at both realities: life and death, or in other words: on establishing a bridge that connects them. However, this view was not clear among his characters in the first stage. Rather, these characters were focusing their views on death strongly, and as a result of that, life for them became a kind of absurdity, and that is what was written in "Death Bed No. 12" (without it being based on it). On the study of stories. Illustrated in. According to historical sequence). Perhaps the story that bears the name of the collection is a good example of what I say that, despite its celebration of narrative momentum and intensification of the event, it is nothing more than an elegy for the Omani worker and Mohammed Ali Akbar, who died without price or glory, a death that allows the writer to be creative in inventing a gradual narrative structure for the events that preceded the conclusion, and to say after that, addressing his friend Ahmed "I understood from your letters that you do not need to see a picture of Mohammed Ali Akbar in order to know what death is. You wrote saying that the death incident does not need the tragic introductions that you put for the life of Mohammed Ali Akbar, and that people die more simply, the one who fell off the sidewalk. Then his loaded pistol went off and the bullet tore his neck. He was going with a very beautiful girl, and he had been killed by a heart attack on the way on the evening of a Nissan day. He had gotten married a week earlier. I want to tell you from everything I wrote in my last message that we have to move our thinking from the starting point to the end point... All thinking must start from the point of death, (p. 97-98). Such a philosophy was for all thinking to start from the point of death, he is the one who directs the storyteller's vision,

and that is why at this stage he is dominated by pleasure in death or fear of it. In the end, they are the same, and in such a spirit that I wrote a story in the middle of May that depicts the death of a friend. The story "The Cat," depicts the extent of the terror of seeing a dead cat and then the subsequent burning desire.

As for the second stage, there is no harm in calling it the stage of severing relationships and destroying bridges. It is an end that suggests despair and being stopped at the threshold of death. It is the fulcrum of the first stage. But if we look at it in its natural context, we find it to be a necessary stage, because it represents the search for the other shore, which is worth living. The bridge extends to it, and this stage begins either with the inability to understand an existing relationship, as in the story of "The Crucified Sheep," which represents a complete isolation that prevents one from realizing the secret of that existing cohesion between the shepherd and his flock, or with doubting the value of that relationship, which is what the story "The Shoulders of Others" represents. In this story, Abu Salim, the old restaurant server, lives and finds life a flavor because twenty years ago he threw bread crumbs from the restaurant window into the sea, believing that by doing so he was doing favors to the fish, but the hero of the story, who had broken the relationship between him and the party, sees in my father's life Salim is a bit of a fool, even to question himself. Forget all this, do you want to live an empty life?

Like Abu Salim? Unjustified absurdity? "He had destroyed the bridge that existed between him and belonging. It was difficult for him to see a simple, good man who found the sweetness of life in that small duty that he performed towards the fish.

Therefore, he deliberately made the naive man doubt the usefulness of what he was doing, and invented a lie that came upon him when he said to him: "You don't know that bread kills fish." The man was astonished, but when he saw what an educated man said, this is something that only university students know. He found himself saying sadly, as he looked at his increase in contentment over twenty years: "I thought fish loved bread...and that they loved me." Thus, the bridge over which Abu Salim crossed every day to the area of psychological satisfaction was destroyed.

These two stories belong to the collection, Death Bed No. 12, but this second stage also included most of the stories in, A World Not Ours, and the title itself suggests a refusal to establish a connection to this world, or a deliberate reluctance, whether justified or unjustified, from building bridges and relationships. Most of the characters in these stories have suffered psychological trauma, and some of them stand on the verge of collapse or breaking down. There is the Bedouin who lost his falcon and his love, so he chose a neglected corner in which to die [in]. There is the student who failed and disappeared into a world filled with dreams and madness along with it. There is a father whose son abandoned him. He takes a small cat from his mother's arms and places it next to his big cat in the house to witness the little one's suffering, but the old man's compassion for the little one allowed for this second, he is to be breastfed with his own blood instead of his mother's milk, and one of the strange characters is the character of Abd al-Rahman in the story of Half the World, for he dispensed with one of his eyes until he began to see half of the things, and he sees the world in this way, arranged, without overlap or multiplication, and it is as if this story is an attempt to question: Is half a relationship or half a bridge enough for a person in this life?

In these stories, Ghassan relies heavily on drawing the paradox between two positions: the human position and the animal position, and he derives from this paradox an important element in deepening the impact that these stories carry. At this stage, his interest in the artistic construction of the story seems more than his interest in the teleological integrity in it, and therefore he made the element of paradox central to its development - and there are many dual models: there is the Bedouin - the falcon, the father - the cat, the son - the horse, the mother - the cat, and the child - the goldfinch.

These stories come to highlight the idea of relationships and bridges from different angles. There are cases in which refusing to build bridges becomes a kind of preservation of the individual's human feeling. In the story "Ten Meters": those ten meters become the natural separation tool that prevents a person from getting stuck in problems. People with abnormalities, and in one glass box, a barrier that prevents a person from getting involved in the abyss of the human meat market, so that the hero of the story says near the end: "I dragged my legs weakly through the streets of the city, and I felt shame creeping inside my bones. All of life seemed to me despicable and narrow." To accommodate the person and his hunger together. There are cases in which the severance of the relationship with his people results in distress or falling under the weight of sick fear. In his story "The Thirst of the Snake," the father used to make a living by mastering his ability to beat the drum skillfully as he led the groom to the bride's house, but soon the development of time made people dispense with that by weddings in cars. The father's relationship with life was "a relationship of craftsmanship,"

and that is why he expressed his resentment of the new innovation by saying: “They said that cars are better.” Imagine! Since Abdul Mohsen got married, five months ago, until today, they say every day in the café that cars are better than weddings... Do you hear the cars croaking like frogs when they are loaded with people like sardines? It's a shame! Big shame! Imagine! Married without wedding 1000 » One day the father went out and did not return. He began throwing stones - in a hysterical fit - at a wedding car and almost killed the driver with his bamboo, which he was using to beat the drum. Like him, the man who was prevented from getting shot twice, he suffered what looked like a blemish and became “a strange man who has a heavy feeling that he is still searching for a lost rifle to join the comrades who were waiting for him in the ruined village, and that is why his only word whenever he met someone was: Have you seen the bride?” The gun was his only hope, his way to life, or his bridge across its shore. When he lost it, his life became a continuation of the search for something lost.

There is the case of the father who was fond of horses, and his horse, “Barq,” was the one he loved most, but his friend advised him to kill that horse because it had a blood stain that indicated that it would be the reason for the killing of a dear person. The father refused to listen to this legend, but one day the horse killed his wife. When he lost her, he gave up raising horses, but throughout the rest of his life he remained afraid of his son. Because that son had such a spot on his body, and when the father became ill and needed to have an operation, he adamantly refused to let his son, who is a doctor, do that, and he started shouting: “Any other doctor, but not my son... Any other butcher, but not my son... He will kill me... He will kill me.” The loss of the intimate relationship plunged the father into a

pathological fear that made him believe the myth, and so he was unable to return to establishing a healthy relationship between him and his son. A person may be blinded by the pain resulting from the loss of a relationship from moving towards a correct relationship, as happened in the story. A letter from Masoud, as it depicts a man who lost his friend, and since he could not bear "the lack of bridges, he established a relationship between him and his friend who died but did not die in his imagination. He began to receive a letter from him in which he told him about his conditions after that absence. Once again, we see how the lack of bridges in locations becomes a cause of pollution that creates elements of contentment in feverish imaginations, and whoever tries to overcome obstacles without a bridge, believing that he can make a broad leap in which he ignores time and space, his fate is the fate of the cat whose attempt was described at the beginning of this text.

Between this area of intimate relationships, the rupture of which causes a violent shock that destroys balance, and the area of no relationships or bridges that cannot be extended, lies a third area called "semi-relationships," or as Ghassan himself calls them, "ordinary relationships" or "broad relationships, and in their generality and breadth." Extension and flatness make it lose the advantage of depth in intimate relationships. But "a quasi-relationship" is a necessary matter dictated by circumstances, and in any case it is a "gathering" that is not devoid of a feeling of alienation, even if it is lighter than non-relationship, or even the interruption that befalls an intimate relationship. The "quasi-relationship" is a temporary social connection that brings people together under one roof or at one table, and relieves them of the burden of chaos in the depths of psychological loneliness.

Without fully knowing it, we were able to spontaneously form wide circles of normal relationships. Life there was dry and stale, and those broad relationships could not enter into our lives except something simple and trivial in terms of flavor and taste. Year after year we became accustomed to that variety of life, and we became accustomed to the roughness of the relationships and accepted them as a price for the relationship itself. It was the most precious thing a person can have in that exile." (A World Not Ours: 43) Even at this level, one chooses to sacrifice these thin threads, avoiding crossing over into the contradictions of the other, in order to preserve those threads from becoming slack or broken, and this is what happened between Amer and his friend in the story "The Stone Lion's Head." Time passed with both friends to a point where they felt the change that had occurred in their relationship, and that was when Amer suggested "that we stay away from what could separate us, for each of us needs the other, like an old couple needs a collection of pictures of their early love." (p. 133-134).

It may be said that most of Ghassan's characters in this round were fragile and could not stand the slightest gust of wind, but it was necessary for him to practice this type of character, in order to settle the score with them by examining these relationships at their different levels. After that, he should come out to represent a solid, strong personality and become more certain of the nature of the relationships that his new characters will build. His pity for "the quasi-relationship" is only a prelude to that stubborn clinging to the old home in the story itself, I mean the story of "The Stone Lion's Head," and all of that is nothing but a general prelude to a new stage, which is the stage of "adapting relationships" - which can be summarized as continuing to voluntarily seek life. Or unwillingly, then accepting death, or

facing it, without the slightest hesitation or fear. That is, this stage represents the principle of balance - which Ghassan explored - between life and death. It is true that some relationships continued to belong to the previous two stages, as is the case with Ali in the story "The Horizon Beyond the Gate," when he lost his sister. He felt that he had lost everything: his land, his family, and his money, and he no longer cared about losing his life himself, and from here he went running in the mountains, abandoning his land, fleeing from the fate that pursued him like a whip," (Land of Sad Oranges: 25), but this vision was nothing but echoes of the two stages. In fact, this story itself was written in a history that belongs to one of the two stages. But that is something that has passed, as relationships have become subject to the law of adaptation. It has become subject to change and development. How many relationships have been thought to be intimate and then turned out to be an illusion, thus moving the person to a new angle of life. Mid-May, for example: What relationship did he mean to every Palestinian? But it is no longer the same as it once was: "The middle of May is like the middle of any other month, like any other day of the year, or even of the days of the twenty years that have passed, and it does not mean anything in particular. It was a bridge for another day, and no bridge could exist if its two ends were not tied to something here and something there" (The Land of Sad Oranges: 108). The eagerness to date was calling on the son of Gaza to follow his friend Mustafa to Sukkar Manto, what happened to her? The Gazan Mufti had hardly visited his niece in the hospital and saw that she had lost her leg from the top of the thigh before he felt a new belonging and a new relationship with the city he intended to move away from:

"This Gaza, in which we lived with its good men for seven years during the Nakba, was something new. It seemed to me that it was only the beginning. I do not know why I felt that it was only the beginning. I was imagining that the main street, as I was walking on it returning to my home, was only a small beginning. The street is [a] long, long [street], reaching [all the way to] Safed..." (Land of Sad Oranges: 72). Tragedy is no longer a devastating factor, but rather a force that stands for cohesion, solidity, and starting over. It is no longer important whether the relationship is large or small in social size, but rather it has the power of a symbol: and this is what the story "The little one discovers that the key looks like an axe" represents. A representation. That key in which the grandfather, his son, and his grandson saw the image of a small ax became for them a "collection of virtues" that entered their lives slowly but surely, and every person in the village knew that it was the key to Jaber's house, and when the grandson went to seek knowledge in Al-Quds, his father would visit him: "I could see the key in his belt, and just then the whole village was emanating in my head like a mysterious wind." (On Men and Guns: 103) When the grandson lost the land, the key continued to accompany him, his sister hammered two nails into it and hung it, sleeping on the wall. How strong was the grandson's joy when he found it. His son Hassan shouted one day, with the key dangling from one of the two nails: "Look, it looks like an axe." This was the completion of belonging, and the symbol had delivered its message to the last generation born after the Nakba.

When relations were subject to the law of adaptation, they became relative, and Umm Saad expressed that relativity in her simple and profound saying: "One tent separates from one tent,"

meaning that the tent of a homeless person has no resemblance to the tent of a guerrilla except in terms of the apparent problem, and matters are measured by a reality other than the apparent resemblance. This relativity imposes its presence in times of clashes, and the word "engagement" here does not mean war, but rather means that hunger is the daily concern. "We would fight for food, then we would fight to distribute it among ourselves, and then we would fight after that." In such circumstances, virtue acquires a new standard: "When a person dies, virtue dies as well. Does it not? So let us agree that in times of clashes, one of your missions is to achieve the first virtue, that is, to keep yourself alive. Other than that, a second comes, and this second does not come because you do not finish "first." Perhaps this story, from which her philosophy was taken - entitled "The Little One Goes to Camp" - is not only one of the most brilliant things Ghassan wrote from the artistic angle, but it is also the most willing of his stories to highlight the idea of relativity in relationships: it contains a grandfather who does not hesitate to steal five pennies from any pocket in order to buy a newspaper with it so that one of those who can read would read it to him, and it shows the young boy and his colleague Issam going together to pick up the leftover fruits and vegetables in the vegetable market, and a quarrel would break out between them, or as the storyteller himself says: "And we would work all afternoon, quarreling, Issam and I, on the one hand, with the rest of the children or the shop owners. Or drivers or policemen sometimes, then I fight with Issam for the rest of the time." One day, as they were returning from the market, the little boy saw a banknote shining on the side of a policeman's shoe. He forgot everything, even the apple he was biting, and was motivated to arrest that "rare metal." As he was concerned about that, Issam also saw it, but the little boy was earlier than

him in crossing it. Here he looked at the smuggler and thought that all the people and things were following him. What did this new relationship do? The two families stood against each other, and then when the little boy insisted that the banknote was his and not anyone else's, it was lost. Blood bond, so they all stood against him? The grandfather found that he could secure the price of his daily newspaper, so he gave the banknote to the little boy, on the condition that the little boy spend it on the rest of the children, but the little boy was interested in keeping the banknote, knowing that he could procrastinate with the children day after day.

The paper remained in his pocket, drawing pictures of new relationships. He continued to go with Issam every day to the market, but their quarreling decreased greatly. “It seems that something - an unknown wall - suddenly rose between him and me.” He wanted to find a convincing way to make use of his precious paper: However when everything approached implementation, it seemed like a bridge to return to the time of clashes and not to exit from it. Spending the five-lira note was a return to removing the wall that silenced the people and glory and reduced the scenes of the quarrel with Issam. The five lira in the little boy’s pocket was a key to a door that led to the time that he called the time of clash, but he did not dare to open it. It was a factor in changing a “social situation,” as if it were a great fortune that suddenly fell upon its owner. Shortly after that, when the little boy entered the hospital and woke up from his coma, he checked his pocket and found the banknote. He was saddened by its loss, but he knew that Issam was the one who had taken it, so he did not get angry, as it was Issam’s turn to feel the new hanger just as the little boy felt it.

In this intense story, Ghassan was able to highlight, through the varying psychology, the adaptability of relationships and their submission to the law of relativity. It seems that the idea appealed to him very much, so he wrote "What's Left for You" to study the relationships between the three combatants since forever, but in a new, overlapping way. He drew the intertwining of the relationships between man, the land, and time, to deviate from those relationships from the oscillating law of relativity to the intellectual-philosophical level, but since time is a relative thing, and so are the human conditions,the truth that gained stability in the story is the relationship between man and the land, not because the land cannot also be relative, but because the word *land* for Ghassan and for every Palestinian has come to mean an established fact. That is why you find that even the desert, becomes in the story "What's Left for You" a mother or a lover. "He suddenly stood up, looked first at the sky and then at his watch, and I knew that he was thinking like all of them: that he had to cover the longest distance that his weakened legs could before the early light came. I was happy in front of him, surrendering to his youth without hesitation and to his steps as they pounded in my flesh, but like all of them, he was afraid of endless expanse, where there is no hill, no sign, and no road." The desert was sympathetic to Hamed as he traveled the distance from Gaza to Jordan, so why was it not sympathetic to the Palestinians: Abu Qais, Asaad, and Marwan when they tried to sneak into Kuwait in pursuit of livelihood? Here it appears to be one of the gestures of an inspired storyteller - as far as I can tell - because these people were not reassured by the kindness of the earth, but rather by the interior of an iron tank called a truck, and in it they died of suffocation.

(M - 3)

Hamed may not have arrived in the end, like these three, but he died in the embrace of the land, when he was destined to become a piece of death.

The relationship between man and the land is a relationship that does not recognize the law of relativity. A part of it may change here or there, and one of its meanings may develop in one situation rather than another, but in reality it remains a symbol of stability and permanence. It comes to one at every turn and at every moment. That is what Abu Qais, one of the heroes of the story "Men in the Sun," believes in him: "Whenever he breathes the scent of the land while lying on it, he imagines that he is smelling his wife's hair when she comes out of the bathroom and has washed with cold water - the smell of a woman who has washed with cold water and spread her hair over his face while it is still moist..." (Men in the Sun: 8).

The relationship sometimes gains its value from the point of view of its extension. If the relationship with the land - which is the highest relationship - continues to move towards the past, it turns into a faltering romanticism with time, because it has not acquired a direction that carries it towards the future. If the direction of extension is specified, the human being is no longer a human being, but rather becomes one of two things: he is either a "state of affairs" or a "cause." When the Palestinian trend extended toward settling in Arab countries as a refugee or displaced person, he became a "cause" in some situations, or forms of situations: a commercial cause, for example, because he carries tourism value and leadership value, etc.: "You tried to melt me, sir! You tried to do this with continuous and tireless effort, sir. Am I being arrogant and saying that you did not succeed? Indeed!

You succeeded to a great and extraordinary extent. Do you not see that you were able to transfer me, with a powerful ability, from one person to another? So I am a status, I am never higher than that, and I may be lower, and because I am a status because we are a status, we are amazingly equal! It is a wonderful work, sir, a very wonderful work, although it took a long time, but, sir, melting a million people together and then making them one unified thing is not an easy work, and therefore I think you allow it to take that long of a time. You have deprived those million of their distinctive individual characteristics and you do not now need to distinguish and classify. You are now faced with a situation. If it occurs to you to call it banditry, then they are thieves... treason? So they are all traitors." (The Land of Sad Oranges: 15-17)

But if the expansion is towards the occupied territory, then the person becomes a "cause." Perhaps this idea is what dominated Ghassan when he wrote his story "Returning to Haifa." It is a story of a trial of relationships and connections, a realistic setting, and a romantic complex: A father and mother fled from Haifa, leaving behind their only child, "Khaldoun." Then, after entering the occupied territories became easier after the events of 1967, they ostensibly returned to see Haifa and their home there, but in reality they were searching for their son. They found him named Dov, belonging to a Jewish woman who adopted him and raised him until he became a soldier in the Israeli army. The woman who adopted him tried to understand the position of the real parents, so she suggested to them that Dov should be left free to choose his affiliation, and here it becomes clear to the eyes of the birthday boy, whose name is "Saeed," that there is a connection between them. Blood is only an incidental fact:

"Which Khaldoun, Safia? Which Khaldoun? What flesh and blood are you talking about? They taught him for twenty years how to be, day by day, hour by hour, with food, drink, and bed..." (Returning to Haifa: 56). Here too, Saeed discovers that leaving his son is no different from leaving the house and leaving the city. He felt that Haifa denied him and frowned at him as he entered it, just as he denied his house when he entered it, despite him being drawn into the small minutes that connected him to that house. By analogy with that, "Khaldun" or "Dov" would also deny him, and so it was, but after "Dov" told his Arab father that man is a cause in the end, and this saying resonates with Saeed: "But if man is a cause, why did Saeed come looking for his son?" His answer to that is, "I don't know, perhaps because I didn't know that." Dov was surprised, "How can two parents leave their son and run away, then this son finds someone who is not his mother and not his father to embrace him and raise him for twenty years, and decides that he does not feel any special feeling toward his real parents." But Saeed, who felt that the blood bond had humiliated him to this extent, claimed to Dov that his son Khaled had joined the Fedayeen and that his tour might be against him in an upcoming battle.

He lied to himself, because Khaled had not yet joined the Fedayeen, but it was a convenient lie. The relationship with the past was his shame, and he wanted to extend the threads of a relationship towards the future. For the first time, we find that a strong shock shook one of Ghassan's heroes from the depths and caused him to wonder: What is the meaning of fatherhood? Man is a cause: What cause? What is the meaning of homeland? "Are these two chairs that have been in this room for twenty years? The table? The peacock feathers? The picture of Al-Quds hanging on the wall?" (Ibid: 83)

The story of Saeed, his wife, and their son, Ghassan, was not enough to examine ties and relationships, especially blood ties. He presented it in front of another story about Fares Al-Labada, who Al-Miri returned to his home in Jaffa, and found another Arab living in it from Jaffa itself. When he examined the house, he found everything in it intact, especially the picture of his brother Badr, who fell as a martyr in the battles of 1948. The new residences had been preserved, but rather, perhaps, he rented the house, as he says, for her sake: "And when I saw the picture, I found solace in it. I found in it a companion who would talk to me, discuss with me, and remind me of things that I cherish and consider the most wonderful things in our lives." (Ibid: 65) When he had his first child he named him "Badr" In the name of the owner of the photo? In a moment when he felt a blood connection, Faris Al-Labada asked to take a picture of his brother with him, so he granted him permission to do so in the new residence. However, he had barely passed the Holy Place on his way to Ramallah when a sudden feeling came over him that he had no right to that picture, so he returned to Jaffa and returned it to whoever he was. I am more deserving of her. The photographer was a bond stronger than blood ties to the people who lived with her and were accustomed to looking at her, and spent their mornings and evenings with her. That is why the knightly man said: "I felt a terrible emptiness when I looked at that rectangle that she left on the wall. My wife cried, and my two children were stunned, which astonished me. I regretted that I allowed you to retrieve the picture, because in the end this man is ours. We lived with him and he lived with us and he became a part of us" (Ibid: 67).

In "Returning to Haifa," the problem of ties and relationships reached its peak, or its end, for Ghassan, on both the theoretical and practical levels,

and then it was transformed with many parts of the story, making it a dialogue or a defense of a position, and it ended, in a blatant manner, what had been an obscure experience with the problem before. It may occur to those who read his stories to wonder: See, why did he not pay much attention to many other relationships such as marital relationships, sexual relationships in general, sectarian relationships, etc. The explanation for this aversion or estrangement determines the world he wanted, and then determines the goals that occupied his mind as a committed artist. There is no doubt that his preoccupation with man was diverting his mind to aspects of human activity, on earth, through the requirements of human strength or incapacity. Is it for this reason alone that he did not try to create a bridge connecting earth and heaven? The answer to this question may become clear in some aspects by referring to two positions: the first of which is stated in "The Land of Sad Oranges," where it depicts the feeling of a child feeling displaced and losing his homeland for the first time: "Indeed, I am also a child who grew up in a fanatical religious school. At that time, I doubted that this God really wants to make people happy, and I doubted that this God hears everything and sees everything. The colorful pictures that were distributed to us in the school chapel, which represented the Lord taking pity on the children and smiling in their faces, seemed like these pictures were also one of the lies of those who open conservative schools in order to collect more in tuition. I no longer doubt that the God who knew us in Palestine has also left it, and that he is a refugee in the problem where I do not know, unable to solve his own problems." (The Land of Oranges: 91-92). From here, then, it begins, and the bridge that exists between the earth and the sky begins to shake. As for the second situation, it was mentioned in "Men in the Sun,"

where we hear Abu al-Khayzuran, who smuggled the group out in his car, shouting these words: “O my Most High God, who was never with me, in whom I never believed, can you be here this time? This time only?" (p. 79) "Oh, the curse of the Most High and Almighty God is upon you, oh the curse of the God who never exists anywhere, is directed against you, O Abu Baqir." (p. 96), and it would have been possible to consider such outcries as the result of a passing crisis, or to attribute them to Abu al-Khayzuran himself and consider them appropriate to his situation, had the storyteller not returned to the problem of the relationship between God and man and devoted to it an entire play, “The Door,” but extracting examples from this play may offend Ghassan's idea at its core, and it needs independent study, putting it under the correct light. This - I hope - is a topic for another time.

The World of Ghassan Kanafani

Fadl Al-Naqib

Take him, all in all, as a man
I shall never see his like again.
Shakespeare

In 1949, he was a thirteen-year-old boy, wandering the streets and alleys of Damascus with big eyes chasing color and movement, and with a heart beating with the instinct for an unusual adventure in life. All those who knew him in those days did not fail to notice that the boy seemed to be in a hurry. At that time, he did not fully understand the meaning of losing Palestine. It was living with him in a contradictory way. On the one hand, it was the coldness of poverty that he lived as a refugee, and on the other hand, it was "Akka," which was hot in his heart and charged his conscience with beautiful feelings that moved the feather between his fingers to take on the paper colorful images that spread warmth around him. As the days and years pass, the stares of the big eyes increases with color and people, and the tension of the heart with life, and the growth of "Palestine", increases with contradiction. Palestine grows with him from a personal sense of beauty, which develops into a sense of knowledge and culture, and finally leads to a sense of freedom and human destiny. And with it also grows from the reality of poverty, the sites of alienation, disease and shame - the years are long. The growth of "Palestine, the contradictory" continues to develop with the warmth of images, words and stories,

and when the contradiction ends and Ghassan Kanafani lives “Palestine, one, new and developing”, his presence becomes a daily threat to the forces of terrorism in the region and they move in darkness and kill him.

-1 -

"**A World Not Ours**"

In the early fifties, the Palestinian (*) intellectual was trying to understand the landmarks to no avail. Culture transforms his alienation from Palestine into alienation from the world. Israel has risen and [Palestine] dissolved.

(*) The word Palestinian, as it is used here and throughout the article, means the Arab person after 1948.

The Nakba occurred during a difficult and turbulent period of history. The period in which the winds of the Cold War began to disintegrate "the great alliance" between the victorious countries in the world war and aroused in all powers a nationalist opportunism that covered all the features of the class struggle in the world - the agreement of the contradictory powers, the powers of colonialism and the forces of socialism, to support Israel, shocked the Arab world in a way that nullified it. He has every possibility to understand the historical and objective circumstances that led to the Nakba. The violence of shock, due to the conditions of political and civilizational backwardness, drew a curtain before the Palestinian’s eyes, preventing him from seeing his natural place in the world and in history,

resistance to persecution and terrorism, so he began to support the de facto hostile and Western forces as if they were the legitimate representative of all the forces of history, and no. He finds his existence only outside her world, so he withdraws into himself and dreams of another world. In the first years of the Nakba, every connection the Palestinian had to the world was cut off, and he no longer had any connection to the land. Those who remained on it under the rule of Israel clung to it, and some of them expressed this adherence to the Land Organization. Those who became displaced outside it lived longing for it, and some of them expressed this longing for personal redemption in the Arab Redemption Brigades Organization.

In that period, politics - by the nature of things - became imposed on young Palestinians, and education became the only means to secure a means of living and discover the path to salvation from the Nakba. Their poverty-stricken and humiliating aspiration for Palestine did not attract them to any political thinking in the region. The thought of the right tells them: “Forget your class reality until we return Palestine to you,” and the thought of the communist parties says: “Forget Palestine until you change your class reality.” That is why they began to form secret societies themselves that live in their abusive reality and draw them to Palestine. Whenever Israel shakes the Arab land around them, they take to the streets screaming in the name of Palestine, and when things return to what they are, they return to "Palestine" for themselves and the silent reality.

Life was stretching before them, slow, dull, and monotonous, melting them on the sidelines. It was not difficult for them to discover that tomorrow would lead a world without Palestine.

At that time, Ghassan Kanafani was fourteen or fifteen years old, consciously and unconsciously feeling the burden of life in a strange world that was becoming more strange with each passing day. He felt that the world around him was becoming increasingly strange because in the first days and weeks of the Nakba, he did not feel this strangeness. The adults around him at that time were assuring each other: We will return after a week, after a month, after a year. In those days, the hardships of the new life seemed acceptable and understandable to him. It was an inevitable period of waiting for the big day. Just as fasting on the last days of Ramadan in Palestine was popular and necessary for children so that they could get the full feeling of Eid. In the first days and months, his family was not poor and homeless. They were just waiting for the great day with passion and anguish that reached the point of deprivation. He himself heard a Palestinian child in shabby clothes talking near poor Lebanese children in Nabatieh, and saying about them: "Poor people, they have no Palestine to return to..." But when the days, weeks, and months began to pass slowly and gradually, and the conversations of the adults - after the news bulletin - faded and became limited, and after he started going to school and working in the restaurant and in the printing house, and everything seemed normal and monotonous, it was unbelievable that they had become poor people. He moves with the excitement of that early age of the brush and the colors to have a world of his own other than the dull world of the poor. The image of a brave, intrepid face, with the red twilight behind it, and in front of it are Akka, Jaffa, and Haifa, the two large arms encircling the horizon, reaching the sun and Palestine. The bright, explosive colors that erase from his eyes the dull colors of the silent things around him. His friends look forward to the drawings, some admire them,

others are jealous and imitate them with drawings of Tiberias, Safed, and Al-Quds. The adults see it, and some of them encourage him: "You, Ghassan, are a young artist." Others rebuke him: "Leave drawing and pay attention to your lessons. Drawings will not feed you with bread." Ghassan does not understand the meaning of the two sayings, "Art?" "Bread?" All he understands is that these drawings give him something that he does not find when he reads school books or when he plays with his friends. It gives him something related to the world he longs for. Then what would his life be like without these fees? As days passed, he would search in the office for the world he longed for. He would begin to read books on philosophy and history, and he would get bored after reading the first pages of any book. He would throw it aside and go back to the brush and the colors. In those books, he would feel lonely as they spoke to him about another world, far from the world in which he lived. With him and the landmarks he dreamt of, he then found in the famous romantic and classic stories a wonderful connection to his dreams. In "Les Misérables," Victor Hugo meets his first friend, the homeless child of Paris. He reads about him with passion and talks to everyone he knows about Gavroche, the child who found himself homeless in Paris, without family, without a home, and without friends. He resided in the heart of the huge stone elephant statue that Napoleon built to glorify the empire, a house that sneaks into him every evening when the eyes of the police and guards are asleep. Ghassan was talking about the homeless child, "the sparrow of the forest," as if he knew him personally. He spoke with admiration and eagerness about the pieces of furniture that Gavroche was able to obtain in his own way, how he arranged them in his wonderful house, how he made friends among the homeless, and hosted them to spend the night with him in the heart of the empire."

He meets other friends in the stories of Dostoyevsky, Dickens, Balzac, Gorky, and others, and he is able, with his artistic instinct and his young age, to strip all of these heroes of their objective and historical circumstances so that they can live one life with him, the life of those who revolt against the circumstances surrounding them and create for themselves a special world, a world of challenge. He wonders to himself: Why do the stories of the homeless and the poor in books give him warmth that fills his heart, while the real life of the homeless in tents does not give him the same warmth? What do books do to the reader? One evening, while Ghassan was walking with some friends, he encountered an accident that stirred various feelings and emotions in his heart and conscience! A poor child approaches a passerby asking for a good deed, and the man gives him five pennies. The child immediately runs the scale to the door of a nearby pharmacy to weigh himself with the five pennies. Ghassan laughs for a long time, and the incident takes over all his feelings. Is he a Palestinian "Gavroche"? Are there homeless people who have a special world living among us and we do not know about them? That night, he rushes to pen and paper to write. He quickly writes the story of the poor child, and the next day he comes to his friends with the entire story. They laugh for a long time and one of them says: There is nothing real in the story except the child, the five pennies, and the scale, and the rest is from Ghassan's imagination. Another asked him: Who told you that the child was challenging people? Ghassan discusses and defends his story at length, and in the following days he changes his writing and reads it to anyone who shows a willingness to listen.

(M - 4)

He always discusses before reading the story to introduce it and what idea he wants to present through it. Then, after reading the story, he discusses the opinions he hears, and from the discussion and shouting the idea becomes clear in his head: books have changed him, and he wants to change others. He wants to write something that will do to the reader what "Les Misérables" or "Mother" did to him, but in a Palestinian way. He works for long hours on pen and paper. From the beginning, he was a professional, spending all day or all night with the pen without getting bored or tired. He comes to friends with a story, and after two days he changes it, and then goes away for a week or two to bring a notebook containing a collection of new stories. After every discussion and quarrel, he changes the stories, takes a position on one and merges it with another, abandons some stories and talks about one or two, then forgets everything and begins writing a new story. Suddenly one idea takes control of him. He wants to write a story that changes the feelings of every reader, the story of a simple, ordinary Palestinian man, who is suddenly overcome by an invincible feeling, which is the feeling of return, after which he cannot remain for one more day as a refugee. Ghassan gets tired of this story. He talks about it but does not write it. He says: The difficulty of the story is that I want it to be 100% realistic, and at the same time it gives a feeling that does not exist.

He finds a title for the story, "The First Returned," writes its beginning, and writes other separate passages, but does not get the complete story. One evening, he entered the company with his smile that concealed something, and sat as usual, having various conversations. Suddenly, he opened the notebook and said:

"This is not the face of the first returnee," and in his hands is a drawn picture of a face with sharp interruptions and a penetrating look.

After ten years of displacement, the Palestinian has learned to be a "Palestinian" and "another person" at the same time. The "Palestinian" lives inside himself and appears only on permitted occasions to embarrass his friend and embarrass others, and the other person appears in front of people as a worker, as a teacher, as an employee, as an engineer, as a nationalist, an Islamist, and a socialist. He is a "Palestinian" and "another person" at the same time. The "Palestinian" lives inside the self and does not appear except on permissible occasions to embarrass his owner and embarrass others. The other person appears in front of people as a worker, as a teacher, as an employee, as an engineer, and as a nationalist, an Islamist, and a socialist. Palestinians are only in the camps, and whoever wants to leave must become "another person" and smuggle with him to the cities and the bases. The world only recognizes the "other person," and the Palestinian remains a prisoner in the soul, homeless as he was in 1948.

Ghassan finds himself in Kuwait as a teacher and in the Arab Nationalist Movement, and very active in cultural clubs and journalistic fields. In the beginning, the conflict between the Palestinian and "the other person" does not take a simultaneous position in Ghassan. Writing in journalism and stories satisfy both. The "Palestinian" finds in writing a window through which he views the world, and through it the other person also obtains the status of "writer" in addition to "teacher" in the eyes of others. This is also the situation in the Arab Nationalist Movement.

The Palestinian "breathes politically," while the other person obtains party affiliation and the other person takes precautions for the future, so he joins the University of Damascus and steals from the time of writing the story and the time of the Arab Nationalist Movement what he can to study university textbooks and prepare for the summer exams. The stolen time was not enough in the second year of university, and Ghassan failed the exam. As he waits for the plane that will take him to Kuwait from Damascus airport, friends gather around him bidding farewell and encouraging him. The cause is simple. He will definitely succeed next year. He must not forget that he is a registered student who does not take the necessary benefit from the lectures. Despite all this, he passed the written exam. He only failed the oral exam. Ghassan smiles and nods his head in agreement. When he heads towards the plane, he smiles a sad and sarcastic smile: "No, my university life is over. The sadness was the other person's share."

★★★

He returns to Kuwait and writing becomes his first concern. The bright colors of the large faces that he painted, which were plastered on the walls of schools and clubs, were fading, their sizes diminishing, and Ghassan felt them migrating the walls and creeping into his small soul, wanting warmth to give it the movement to resist death. Ghassan embraced it to give it another life in his short stories. From the beginning, his short stories were good. It had a new scent of old things. A distinct feeling imposes itself on the readers' feelings. It was easy to read and was useful, but more often than not it was artistically unsuccessful.

Most of them lack the artistic conditions of a short story, and most of them appear like a large, compressed or abbreviated novel. However, the reader felt a new experience when he read Ghassan's story for the first time. At first he is annoyed by the style. The first words seem artificial. As he reads, this feeling leaves the reader and the style imposes itself with a very high degree of tension. In the beginning, the reader is also annoyed by the constant presence of the writer, as he addresses his heroes and moves them to speak after him, and in the end the reader forgets this annoyance and participates in talking with Ghassan and his heroes.

In those stories, Ghassan did not reach the artistic level that Samira Azzam reached in her Palestinian short stories, but his stories gave a tense Palestinian feeling that rebelled against the artistic frameworks of the story.

Then comes illness.

Without introductions. Without warning, Ghassan experiences dizziness, fainting, and severe, horrific “diabetic” symptoms. He cannot believe it, nor does he want to. He listens to doctors' advice and the new lifestyle they want for him, so he continues to disbelieve, and completely refuses to be sick. Suddenly every big issue turns into a personal issue - alienation, homelessness, Israel, is the disease - a physical presence in his body. When severe and violent bouts of illness visit him, he experiences thoughts of death. Death in the early twenties. Homelessness is an insatiable ogre. He was given the deprivation of a home, the loss of warmth, and he was not satisfied. Now he wants him with his own flesh and blood. He writes to a friend outside the country: “Oh dear, [...] when you return home you will not see me. This brings me the deepest of sadness..."

He stops writing the story and lives in amazement. He reads poetry, thinks about the absolute, and writes personal letters, in one of which he says: “Life would be disgustingly ridiculous, and infinitely vulgar, if all it meant was hitting me on the head every time I wanted to move forward. At the age of twelve, when I began to feel the meaning of life and the nature around me, it threw me as a displaced refugee outside my homeland. And now, when I'm feeling my way around, and I'm spending most of the day productively, "Mr. Diabetes" comes along and simply, impudently, wants to kill me. Should I agree with Sartre and say, “Man is a useless emotion,” when? Now is when I started to believe that life could be worthwhile..."

The “Palestinian” in Ghassan is silent, and the other person moves, with a dreamy, sad, and moving romance.

In the summer of Damascus that year, Ghassan's illness was the talk of a large segment of young people. All the cafe and club workers know a lot about his illness. Every night, he would bring back to those around him all the glimpses of romantic literature, anxiety, and the literature of nothingness: “personal destiny” “death in the soul” “if we all die in the future, then there is no future...but, Ghassan, we do not die all at once” ... “If death is within myself, I will die without knowing it.

In Kuwait, friends advised him to give up writing, take care of his health, take care of the future, and secure a reasonable income with which he can pay for the medicine and rest he needs. He takes treatment on a regular basis, and returns to writing, only to discover that he cannot give himself to her completely as before. He writes and tears, becomes angry, and gets bored. He returns to romanticizing the illness and writing personal letters, and he wonders: “Has the illness changed me?”

Have you become another human being? Why don't I listen to my friends and join the university again? I try to adapt to my circumstances..." "But why do I blame the disease? Did you become a real writer before illness? What have you done so far? All I did was publish a few stories and a few newspaper articles. That's all. Oh my God, it feels like a whole lifetime."

The Arab Nationalist Movement publishes "Al-Hurriya" magazine in Beirut and offers Ghassan to join the editorial board. He leaves everything and joins "Al-Hurriya" in Beirut. To all his friends and acquaintances, this step seems like a crazy adventure. He left a fixed income while he was sick and in need of constant treatment, and joined a partisan magazine, where work seemed more like a volunteer than a profession. But Ghassan convinces himself that with the change in weather he will regain himself and resume writing as before, and the friend writes to him: "At first I admit that I was afraid of illness and even death, especially the moments of fainting. I lost all ability to act logically. But it seems to me now that those who are interested in writing must finally deal with logic. I tried to write about my illness, but I couldn't find anything to write about, so the issue seems simpler than simple to me. The most powerful form a disease takes is when it causes death. This happens to a person once.

Therefore, as long as I am not dead, I will act as if I am not sick. From now until the end, I will not allow illness to interfere in my life except once, and only once." Of course, the disease interfered in his life more than once. But those who knew him closely admired the way he behaved. He would feel tired and faint, and when he felt the slightest improvement, he would light a cigarette and start a new conversation. Sometimes he would interrupt his conversation and ask the listener to go with him to another room,

where he would bring an insulin needle and inject it for himself, and he would talk as if he was injecting it for another person.

In Beirut, Ghassan accepts journalistic work, story writing, and all aspects of culture with all his existence. He now has a hidden feeling that the days are not without number or calculation. The experience of party work, the Arab Nationalist Movement's continued focus on the Palestinian cause, the atmosphere of the Arab National Movement with the Nasserist horizon, all of this gave him a certain concept of the status of the Palestinian. At work, he no longer felt at first alienated. With constant practice, his words became a moving material in a captivating manner that flowed from between his hands until you felt that he was using commas and periods to restrain the words.

He writes about everything. When his name appears more than once in one newspaper, he signs with his initials or a pseudonym. For him the problem is not his ability to write, but the absorption capacity of newspapers.

In political articles, he is optimistic and talks about a specific and committed position. In literary articles, he is contemplative, defiant, and laughing, but all of that disappears in the story, as the story always depicts another world. If we read a political article of his, another literary article, and a short story published within a month, we are amazed and feel as if the writer lives in two worlds. The world of politics and literature, and the world of Palestine. In the first world, Ghassan lives optimistic[ly] and smiling, only to discover that this is not his right, so he lives in the second world, sad and motivated.

The Palestinian in him breathes from all directions, but in the story he breathes from one direction, and with a special [type of] air. He is still afraid that the world will melt him into the margins, and he is still afraid of being treated as a number, like any number, [such as] 13. With apprehension and fear, he shouts, "A World Not Ours." After "Men in the Sun," Ghassan's presence is consolidated in the eyes of others as a recognized writer. In journalism, he becomes the editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper. He addresses people from a daily podium, and his experience with the atmosphere of Arab and international politics, Arab and international cultural movements increases, and thus begins the "alienation of the Palestinian from the world." An apparent and hidden form towards progress and human liberation, his understanding of the world increases and his exposure of the confusion of the status quo increases, and his disgust with "political optimism" increases, especially since optimistic political writing had become, in the mid-sixties, a difficult task - the bets that began to be placed on the destinies of the people, the distance of the national movement from the movement of the poor masses. The atmosphere of general stagnation, all of this, made political optimism a call to wait for what comes and does not come, and life with things that are "believable and unbelievable." During that period, Ghassan wrote in one of his personal letters: "I feel bored. My romantic excursions are in the back pages. They do not worry me in the way you talked about. What worries me now is my feeling that one day I may find myself writing things that I am not convinced of..."

Is this then the end of the journey, the other person's victory? Ending up as editor-in-chief repeating to people what they heard in the news bulletin, [...] articles, friends, paralysis, admirers, male and female, talk and talk! **

No, that was not the end of the story. Ghassan had entered the stage of no return some time ago. Where are the “Men in the Sun”?

-2 -

"**Men in the Sun**"

Suddenly, “Men in the Sun” appears and is received in an unusual way. Critics write about it and readers talk about it with increasing admiration. Everyone emphasizes that it is an excellent literary work. As soon as you start reading its first words, it takes control of you and your feelings and does not leave you except with its last word. At the same time, if you ask one of her admirers about the secret of his admiration, he will, in one way or another, change the conversation.

Of course, the secret to liking the story was not that it depicted a Palestinian tragedy that aroused the emotions of readers. Any Arab hears Palestinian stories that arouse his feelings on a daily basis, and he does not need literature and art to get other [forms of] excitement. Its secret was not that it contained symbolism that sums up the whole issue, and that the car driver who was accused with sexual adventures while he was sexually impotent, he [instead] symbolizes the Arab armies that were accused of lusting for war and preying on Israel while it was impotent in warfare. This is a trite symbolism that no one likes. The facts that all people know do not arouse their interest when you appear to them again under the mask of symbolism. All it arouses in them is a feeling of boredom. “Men in the Sun” was written in the early sixties, and it depicts the lives of four refugees in different parts of the Arab world, brought together in Basra by a desire to change their grim reality and search for a new life in Kuwait.

Because they cannot enter Kuwait legally, they dealt with a smuggler. The smuggling operation encounters bad luck. The smugglers, with the empty tank of the water tanker overturned and covered by the desert sun, die of suffocation as they wait for the driver who cannot complete the process of certifying his papers and respond to the cruel caresses of the customs officials with the required speed. This failure to transition to the new life is the same failure that some of Naguib Mahfouz's famous stories deal with. In "Scandal in Cairo" and "Beginning and End," the son of the poor middle class always fails to climb the ladder to the upper class, following the individual and illegal method. Therefore, it is necessary to ask: Is "Men in the Sun" a Palestinian beginning and end?

Apparently, the two stories have one thread in common, which is their emphasis on the futility of adventurous personal action for an issue that is already public. But from this angle, Naguib Mahfouz seems logical with himself and the world in which he lives, and Ghassan seems far from the logic of his world. In "Beginning and End," Naguib Mahfouz lives with his hero day by day. Every rung the hero ascends on the ladder is at the expense of a member or members of his family and class descending rungs on the same ladder. When the hero arrives, not on the ladder, the sound of others hitting the bottom causes a loud scandal that shakes the ladder. The hero falls to the bottom as well. Of course, there are those who can reach it without scandal. There are always people who encounter good luck, but Naguib Mahfouz does not care about them because he cares about the luck and fate of the majority who do not arrive. In "Men in the Sun," there is failure from the beginning, unexplained and unjustified, other than coincidence and bad luck.

On the other hand, we know that those who arrived in Kuwait and nowhere else were Palestinians and gained a new life much more than those who died on the road. Why does Ghassan care about the minority and neglect the majority?

Thematically, there is a fundamental difference between the two stories. The son of the poor class resorting to personal style in Naguib Mahfouz's stories is an objectively possible choice. But there are other ways for him. He can remain content with his bad reality, he can work with others for collective change: The writer always calls for the third choice by depicting the failure of the first choice and the unreasonableness of the second - the "Palestinian" in "Men in the Sun" does not have the choice, the "other person" chooses. If he were another acceptable person, he would have crossed the border in the legal manner as the other acceptable person did, because he is not acceptable, so he must disappear at the border point and become completely Palestinian. Then they will kill him. This is the way the world deals with those who are "all Palestinians" outside the tents. Therefore, Ghassan paid attention to the small number that died and did not arrive because his members were "only Palestinians," and he neglected the large number that arrived because his members live a life of "deferred death and the amount of postponement is subject to the other person's benefit" to the world.

(M - 5)

The borders, the desert, and the sun were just an artistic choice. When we read the story away from the desert and the sun, we felt, with the first words, the pulse of our hearts rising like the sound of drums coming from afar, intensifying with every syllable, with every page, and rising at the end like the sound of drums of death. Our breaths shortened as we saw the grave devour four of us, and we were forced to ask [ourselves]: When is our turn coming?

As days pass, the beginning and end of "Men in the Sun" approach, and in the mid-sixties, the dispute between them will disappear completely. The first cry comes from a buoy in the Nile containing some of those who have arrived and those who have not arrived: "O thing, show us if you exist, for we have crushed nothingness,"(*) and the second cry comes from the open grave: "What is left for you?"

The secret of readers' admiration for "Men in the Sun" was that it revealed the secret of every one of them. That's why it was an authentic and true novel. But is it really a "novel"?

No, it is authentic and true, but it is not a novel in the technical sense of the word. At the time of writing it, he was not able to be a seer.

(*) From the book Gossip over the Nile, written by Naguib Mahfouz.

The novelist is the one who rearranges the world in a way that he is convinced of. If the task of the social scientist is to study the social phenomena around him, to discover, with the power of abstraction, and among the thousands of phenomena and factors intertwined with life, the few important factors, and the basic relationships between them, to come up with a theory capable of explaining the world and predicting the future, likewise the task of the novelist is to study the actions of the people around him and with the power of his intuition. The humanist discovers the roots of the will to freedom in these actions, so that the novel is an intense understanding of the human condition, predicting the fate of man. The subject of the human novel is always the same: the relationship between man and the forces of oppression. How does the weak resist the forces of terrorism that want to abolish his humanity? Weakness takes many forms, and terrorism takes more forms, but the conflict between them remains what forms the meaning of the novel. The Palestinians after 1948, before the resistance [movement], did not say no to terrorism. They coexisted with it, circumvented it, through the other person in each of them. Therefore, when we read any Palestinian story written about that period, we can predict everything that will happen after reading the first page. The Palestinian does not surprise anyone. We start on the first pages of Men in the Sun, we get to know the four, and we immediately realize that the smuggling operation will fail. The four cannot surprise us with anything else. The author cannot surprise us. But he can keep us with him until the end of the novel, and in the end we forget "the four," but we cannot forget

Ghassan Kanafani, and most importantly, we cannot forget ourselves.

The original value of the book is that the writer was able to keep us with him until the end to show us that the failure of the book to be a "novel" is ultimately our failure, the readers, to be the subject of the human novel, to be the people who say to terrorism: No.

We say about "Men in the Sun" that it is not a novel, it is a captivating poem, an exciting epic, but that remains a play on words. The important thing is that it exists, and it is with us. We admire it because it gives us a moment of honesty with ourselves. Then we learn over time. Then we learn as the days go by to forget, and neglect, until that second week of June 1967 comes, and the drumming intensifies again and around the radio we breathe hard and feel suffocated, and the other person has disappeared from [within] each of us, and the driver is late!

Ghassan was aware that he could not write a Palestinian novel, and he wrote to a friend months after the publication of "Men" in the Sun" to say: "Now my friends' advice is getting stronger not to pay all this attention to the press. In the end - as they say - it will destroy my artistic capabilities in writing the story. I honestly do not understand this logic, as it is the same logic as the advice I used to hear when I was in high school: Leave politics and pay attention to what you learn. The advice I heard after that in Kuwait: Stop writing and take care of your health! Did I really have a choice between school and politics, writing and health, so that now I have a choice between journalism and stories? I want to say something. Sometimes I can say it by writing the main story in Al-Ghad newspaper, and sometimes by

drafting the editorial and [...] or drafting a small news item on the community page.

Sometimes I cannot say what I want except with a story - the choice they are talking about does not exist, and it reminds me of one of my fellow Arabic language teachers who, at the beginning of each year, asked his students to write their favorite compositional topic: Which do you prefer: village life or city life, and most of the students had lived in camps!"

On that day, the friend responded to him, supporting the friends' advice, and that Ghassan should pay more attention to the story than the press. Of course, the advice was sincere, and it echoed the advice that great writers write for up-and-coming writers. Ghassan does not ignore this advice out of a desire for a challenge, but because he was living the experience and felt a feeling that forced him to ignore it.

Many novelists who wrote about their lives agreed that the novelist is a person who lives within himself more than one man. The novelist stands in solidarity with the human situation he is experiencing with a transparency that makes the heroes of this situation live in himself. These men, conflicting within one self, only give this self freedom and peace when it liberates them with a medium in which they can express themselves freely, through the novel.

If we believe this description and that there is no other description, then Ghassan Kanafani appears to be a novelist in reverse. Several men do not live within himself; within himself is one man who does not express his contradiction with the world in one medium, but rather in every possible

medium. By story, by article, by news, by demonstration, by party, by love, by hate, by anger.

When he expresses himself in a medium, Ghassan does not feel the comfort that the artist feels, but on the contrary, he moves to another medium, and that is why he writes prolifically as [if he's] a hundred people because he is one person. He uses all the tools of expression because he wants to express one issue, so he can do so not because he has a rare ability, but because he has a sense of historical necessity. He only managed to become a Palestinian, and they could not arrest him because he defends himself in more than one way and manner.

In 1969, a friend asked him when he saw a weapon in his hand for the first time: Oh Ghassan, I saw you holding a feather. Then the pen, and now the weapon. What will you carry in the future? Ghassan answered immediately: Anything with which I can defend myself, a feather, a pen, a weapon, tools with which to defend myself."

-4 -

"**In the Heart of the Shield**"

In the resistance, the Palestinians leave the camps, and in the Popular Front, the Palestinian's alienation from the world ends. Twenty years of hardship and suffering returned the Palestinian to history. He is no longer the stranger who stands transfixed before the world as if he is from another world. The logic of events is no longer difficult for him and his mind to understand. Now he knows his position in the world and determines the

positions of all other powers towards the movement of history and thus towards him.

The Palestinian has come to understand "the present as history" and deals with the status quo as a historical problem. Now he knows the forces that want to freeze the world in the image of their interests and the misery of others, and the forces that want to change the world and end human misery. Now he is fighting with the oppressed peoples as custodians of the cause of human progress.

Finally, Ghassan Kanafani rode his horse. He no longer needed to speak in a thousand ways to reach the Palestinians. They are now in the street.

He now writes in one way: "Not for them, but about them." They have finally become the subject of human fiction, future novels will be written about them, and they are surprising the world.

Where will the future novelist begin with the Palestinian? How will we know him on the first page? Is he in the camp? Is he at the border point between two countries? Was he in a plane at an altitude of 20,000 feet? While he is carrying other people's bags on a city street, while he is in front of the river at night? Was he washing dirty dishes in the back room of the restaurant? Where he comes from is not what matters. Let the novelist start with the Palestinian from wherever he wants. The important thing is that there is no person in the world who can predict the Palestinian's next step. Can he predict the story of Umm Saad next Tuesday? The Palestinian surprises everyone. The Palestinian is the only free person in the world. But the word "Palestinian" is no longer the name known historically. It has now

become an agreed-upon term. If we changed the word "Palestine" and read the sentence as follows: The Vietnamese is the only free person in the world, the meaning would not have changed at all. So we now see Palestinians with Japanese faces, and others with Latin American faces. Also, many of those who were called Palestinians have now become something else. The Palestinians are everywhere now, but they are still few and therefore the terrorist forces still believe that they can attack them using individual assassination.

They are still a minority, a minority that has ceased to be among the oppressed always, the oppressed at every United Nations meeting, the oppressed at every border point between two countries, the oppressed every June.

They have ceased to always be among the oppressed, and the power of the fait accompli no longer works for them. When the passengers of the large plane begin to exchange smiles, and the fear of the first minutes of boarding has abandoned them, when they begin to unbuckle their belts and drink alcoholic beverages, the cheerful Americans begin to express their admiration for their conversation. Eastern businessmen, and their assurances that everything is going satisfactorily, and that future deals carry a sure profit for both sides, when some feel euphoria, strength, and pride at 200,000 feet above the clouds, then everything is going well.

When suddenly the Palestinian appears, and the de facto law is disrupted, smiles die, and astonishment strikes the hearts of the friends of the de facto, the servants of the de facto, and the fools of the de facto, and everyone whispers terrorism! 200 others became astonished. Terrorists started complaining about terrorism.

★★★

Umm Saad: Don’t be surprised by what happens at all. When smiles die on the faces of some, they are born on the faces of others. But, what happens with “Umm Saad”?

This woman, who possesses all the wonderful simplicity of a “mother,” why would her son leave all her tenderness to cross the river to Palestine?

What does he find in Palestine? This mother, whom every tired person, every orphan dreams of resting his heart on her good chest, why did Saad leave her to die in Palestine? What is Palestinian death? Ghassan says that Saad and his group were besieged by the Israeli forces, so let us read about them from pages in the heart of the shield: “They were hungry, and the sky began to rain.

When the machine gun steel is watered, it smells like bread," this is what Saad said. They were surrounded. However, they kept their ambush calm. They estimated that the siege would be lifted after a few hours. The siege extended for days until they were exhausted by hunger, and they reached the door of two options: to remain dormant, covering themselves with another torment that would intensify and they did not know when it would pass, or to leave it to one of them to try the adventure of going to the village. The choice was difficult, Saad said, and they decided to wait until the evening before making a decision.

At noon, Saad Al-Rafaqa said: “Here comes my mother!” (1).

So in the camp, “Saad” fails to obtain a mother’s tenderness. Only in Palestine does a mother’s tenderness exist. In the camp, the mother is a burden and fears for the Palestinian. Over the long years, terrorism has been able to burden all human relations with inhuman concerns. In Palestine alone, the “mother” "for the Palestinian" becomes pure human tenderness, which is why “Saad” crosses the river and dies, not because he's homesick, but because he's homesick for the land. For the mother, for a human life in which there is no terror, a tenderness that only the world of reason can provide. The Palestinian dies because he wants to be a person freed from terrorism.

The Palestinian truth, the Arab truth, is trapped in the heart of the shield.

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1 - Umm Saad "In the Heart of the Shield," p. 44.

★★★

We start reading Umm Saad, and after a page or two, we completely forget Ghassan Kanafani and live in the world of "Umm Saad," "Saad," "Fadl," and "Abdul Mawla." Ghassan does not try to remind us of his existence, as his style that we know in previous writings is absent in "Umm Saad." The style of the book is the style of the people moving in it. The task of words is no longer to give meaning to things as it was before. Moving things now use words according to their own meaning. "Culture" is no longer contradictory to the world and trying to give it a new meaning. "Culture" has become an employee of understanding the world, learning from people.

He linked this battle to the movement of history and the movement of the future. But where is Ghassan?

★★★

At the beginning of the summer of 1970, Ghassan had a long conversation with a friend, and the friend remembered the following excerpts:

- *Are you optimistic, Ghassan*?
- Inevitably, for the first time in our lives we are optimistic.As Al-Hakim says, "We feel strategic, historical optimism. In the past, our optimism was a kind of bet on issues that were not in our hands. The news bulletin used to give us a sense of optimism or pessimism. Now we know in advance what the news bulletin will say. You know, in the past, in the nationalist parties, the struggle seemed like an attempt to reach the ideal.

- We felt that we were moving and this “ideal” was moving away from us. Now the picture has become very different, now we are moving and changing the world with us. But excuse me, do not misunderstand me. My words about the days of nationalist parties are not like the words you hear now from some people. I am not afflicted with the disease of cursing the past and self-cursing, which have become fashionable these days.

- I am optimistic now, not because I am reassured about the future, but because I understand the past objectively. If it were not for the struggle of the nationalist parties, the resistance would not have been an advanced step towards the past struggle. I am optimistic because I am ready to die tomorrow without regretting anything, and without apologizing for anything, in all my life, from the Arab Redemption Brigades to the "Popular Front” from “The Opinion” to “The Goal" of "Death Bed No. 12" to "Umm Saad," from Damascus to Beirut.

- *This is a good feeling, but you, Ghassan, did not join the Arabs in the Arab Redemption Brigades. You started [with] the nationalist movement.*

- I did not participate because I was not old enough at the time. If I had, I would certainly have participated. I cannot silence everything except the crime of silence. You, you know what silence means to a refugee. Even when you always criticize, what you call the (romantic ramblings in the back pages), I used to write these ramblings because the alternative to them was silence.

- *It reminds me of what Bernard Shaw, a journalist, said. He asked him on his ninetieth birthday how he felt, and he said to him: I feel extremely happy because I consider the alternative.*

Ghassan laughs a long laugh. Whenever it ends, it begins to pour out again until tears stream down his cheeks, and finally he says:

- Today is not my birthday, but if you ask me how I feel, I will not hesitate to say that I feel happy, not because I consider an alternative, but because I know that we are on a path that has no alternative.

We finish reading Umm Saad and forget Ghassan Kanafani. We remember "Saad," "Fadl," and "Abdul Mawla". We remember the people who surprised us, changed us, and took us to 1936 to introduce us to our history and its ever-continuous movement, and to erase from our hearts the feeling of alienation and to return us to the world of 1970 to understand ourselves and our place in the world. We are on the path to treating reality as a historical problem, but where is Ghassan?

- Ghassan: Your feeling of happiness remains a personal feeling. What about the cause?

- No, my dear, there is no personal happiness in the political struggle. Your question about the cause is a personal question. We are optimistic because we are returning our issue with Israel to history until we obtain the historic ruling. Why? Because we now understand the movement of history, we know what Israel means, what Israel wants. You want to establish a racist and religious state. This is a reactionary foundation doomed to historical failure. This is, of course, abstract talk. When will this talk become within the limits of possibility? When we become a historic progressive force.

- When the conflict with Israel becomes a conflict between two nationalities, one progressive and the other reactionary. Previously, in all stages of the conflict, the picture was different. The forces that confronted Israel. Of course, we know that the confrontation was nominal, but on a historical horizon. These forces were not free of fanaticism and racism, and were not outside the circle of imperialism. Therefore, the conflict took a funny form, but it is a very natural form. When two forces collide, they represent a phenomenon. Historically similar, the arbiter between them is inevitably technology and nothing else, but when two forces collide, each of which represents a different historical phenomenon, the final arbiter is historical progress. Therefore, Israel's defeat will not be an Arab victory. It will be a victory for the progress of humanity. It will, of course, be a defeat for most aspects of the formation of present Arab life.

Let me tell you without philosophy about what I mean. Once, a few months ago, I was in a meeting. I was tired and in an anxious mood. After the end of the meeting, he came to me, (Abu ***). First, let me introduce you to... (Abu ***). He is fifty-seven years old, and when he jokes with the fighters, he tells them (Fedayeen of the end times), that he fought in ‘36, ‘48, ‘56, ‘67, and was hosted in most of the region’s prisons in the periods that passed between these dates. He came to me and squeezed my arm and whispered: "Ghassan, take care, the situation now is better than before. We went through days like tar in the past, take care, the important thing is that we continue." We want another story, Umm Saad.

(M - 6)

When we continued, her son was martyred. “Abu Saad” hung a picture of

Saad on the wall and beneath it he hung his (Kalashnikov) machine gun, out of pride and glory. Do you know what Umm Saad did? Two days later, she took it (Kalashnikov) and gave it to a fighter who was friends with “Saad,” who did not have one. Oh, if only there was enough time, now Palestinian stories could be written.

Will Ghassan write other stories? The reality is that in the summer of 1970 he was not interested in the subject. He may or may not write. During his long search for material for the human novel, he was developing day after day to become the fabric of the material he was searching for, and when he found it, he found himself. Finally, he found himself in an organization that was solidary and faithful to the values of the era, the values of reason, the values of logic, the values of class struggle, and the values of human freedom.

Where is he now?

In the last letter he wrote saying:

"The illness is getting worse, and I always feel sick and tired, but I do not go to bed. There is a subtle feeling [I have] that those who sit down now will never get [back] up."

Is this Ghassan?

"He and his comrades are trapped in the heart of the shield."

The Palestinian Hero In Ghassan Kanafani's Stories

Elias Khoury

For more than a quarter of a century, the Palestinian issue has formed the knot in which the contradictions facing Arab society are gathered - and after the defeat of 1948, it formed a decisive factor in important political and military uprisings, the effects of which the Arab world is still facing today. Then came the defeat of 1967, shedding more light on the contemporary Arab reality and triggering a broad national and class sorting process that is still taking place today. The main result of this defeat was undoubtedly the Palestinian resistance. The issue of Palestine is primarily an issue of national struggle, but it is an issue of national struggle of a special kind. The people were displaced and expelled from their land and turned into a people of refugees.

The issue, even if it affects the Arab community directly, in return, has a stranglehold on the Palestinian people inside and outside the occupied territories, threatening them daily with extinction.

If the issue of the Palestinian national struggle is an issue of a special kind, then the resistance of these people has its own distinctive characteristics. Also, his literary voice and artistic tone have their own special and different atmosphere and character.

They are an attempt to assert oneself and prove [one's] existence in the face of the reality of homelessness and exile. They are also a call to reject the prevailing reality and exit from it. And return to land. Studying the Palestinian hero in Kanafani's stories requires us to set four frameworks for it that overlap but at the same time are distinct.

A - The different levels of the Palestinian issue: The issue presents a daily reality to the displaced Palestinian, as he is daily in the muddy camp. He lives off the crumbs of the United Nations and its agency. Every day he is a person without an identity. This bloody reality did not affect all Palestinians in the same way. The Palestinian bourgeoisie integrated with its Arab bourgeoisie sisters very easily. The Palestinian intellectual, in turn, had open opportunities for integration. This reality is not a static reality. It is a dynamic reality. The Arab masses are in constant movement and interact daily with them and with the nationalist Baathist and Nasserist ideology that prevailed among them. This ideology, which held at the forefront of its mission the liberation of Palestine, especially the Arab nationalist movement, led to Palestinian differentiation, to the separation of Palestinian intellectuals into those integrating into the prevailing Arab reality and into revolutionaries. Of course, this equation is not one-sided. The Palestinian cause is what fueled these movements and may even have been their declared justification for reaching power.

The national issue was the main issue, not to say the only one, and the contradiction was clearly defined: a contradiction with the Arab ruling classes, with Zionism, and with imperialism. However, knowing this triangle is not enough, as the Palestinian voice abroad was searching for a way.

The intellectual who leaves the ranks of the people cannot find his way back into these ranks. There is only one way: to contribute to the search for a way out of the static situation and stagnation. To ask the question. And to look for the answer.

The Palestinian in a story, so what do we write about and what do we want?

We want to know several facts:

- The hero is a person or a land. It is primarily an act. A historical and specific act around which things take their size. That is, there is a mutual relationship between it and things.
- We are trying to explore the dimensions of the issue and its size in itself. How to deal with it. How it affects him and how it affects her.
- We try to understand the writer's voice, what he wants to say. What his class position is on the literary level. How the issues of his literary works are embodied in daily practices, in the ordinary life of these classes.
- Finally, we want to explore how the Palestinian issue develops and how the writer understands the development of the issue through the psychology of his heroes.

C - The Zionist hero and the Palestinian hero: The direct enemy of the Palestinian fighter is the Israeli, the fighter is the Zionist. Zionist literature depicts its heroes as infallible and legendary heroes, as opposed to the image of the dirty Arab who sells his sister to the first passer-by. Or the cowardly Arab who kneels before the first palm slap that hits his cheek (2).

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2 - Previous reference, p. 53 et seq

This image was directly reflected in Palestinian literature inside the occupied territories, the literature of searching for lost dignity. Clinging to existence and values. It represents the Arab world and its major issues. On the other hand, literature outside the occupied territories did not pay much attention to this point - the main thing was the land and the return to it, the main thing was the path of return that would rid the Palestinian of the shame of homelessness.

D - The Palestinian voice and the Arab voice: We cannot talk about Palestinian literature by isolating it from Arab literature. Neither before the 1948 occupation nor after. But we can distinguish between them by pressing the direct issues on them. This is an expression of a health phenomenon. In terms of form and artistic direction, Palestinian literature focuses a lot on poetry.

- Because of its rhetorical and combative effectiveness - it contributes to literary formal research at the general Arab level, that is, the search for a new container that responds to the requirements of new contents.

Where is Ghassan Kanafani located?

We cannot talk about Ghassan Kanafani as a story writer only. We cannot reduce him to Hamad Al-Hunaiti, the martyr whose body was torn to pieces to the point that they could not find anything from him to bury him (3), nor can we say that he is the voice of the desert screaming at Men in the Sun, why they did not knock on the wall of the tank (4). He is also a friend of Umm Saad and a friend of Men and Guns.

All of Kanafani's stories are not enough to give us a complete picture of him. The man was a storyteller, literary critic, playwright, political analyst, and above all, a fighter. Hence, when we try to isolate his narrative production, searching in this production for the Palestinian hero, we are doing this work for a systematic reason. The process of isolating this aspect of Kanafani's work allows us, in return, to include it in the context of contemporary Arab narrative art, especially in the context of stories which talk about the Palestinian cause - Kanafani's stories keep pace with the cause through its various developments. But the eye that keeps pace moves from one level to another.

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3 - Kanafani Ghassan, Land of Sad Oranges, General Union of Students, Palestine, June 1963, p. 61.

4 - Kanafani Ghassan, Men in the Sun, Dar Al-Tali'ah, Beirut, first edition 1963.

Depending on the development of the cause itself and the political and intellectual development that the writer experienced through his continuous daily interaction with the cause of his people. The four stages of Kanafani's journey to Palestine record, with astonishing honesty and keen insight, how the cause develops in reality and how intellectuals are included in it until they eventually lose their own voices.

1 - Astonishment and Screaming: In the first stage, Kanafani wrote three short story collections: Death Bed No. 12, The Land of Sad Oranges, and A World Not Ours. All of these short stories were written between the years 1956 and 1963, except for one, The Bride, which was written in 1965. The three groups are collections of short stories. The short story cannot express an integrated reality - it expresses a phenomenon, a situation, a cry. In fact, the stories of these three groups only want to scream in our faces.

For her case to bleed without being able to provide solutions, or even draw a question. We can call this stage the stage of astonishment and screaming. I was astonished at what happened - the terrifying surprise. Quick escape - resistance that had been extinguished. Then the new reality with all its misery and pain.

In these stories, we can notice three overlapping movements, but they maintain their unity despite their relative distinction, as they represent different situations and come in stages.

The first movement: in the intense, tense, and anxious feeling of defeat. But in the end, it is a feeling of shame and humiliation, which is the first response to defeat. He was astonished.

From the first story in Death Bed No. 12 (5), this tension begins. Bombs are buried in the garden at the time of the Israeli attack. Then Kanafani continues this feeling in Something That Never Goes Away. Memories pass through his head. How he escaped from Haifa and left Laila, who was raped by the Jews there. To resist, "I never deserved Laila. She was much better than me. I was a coward, afraid of death. I refused to carry a weapon to defend Haifa. I was in Ras Naqoura when they said that Haifa had fallen into the hands of the Jews."

This tension continues its path. The feeling of shame and humiliation again in the story of mid-May. The hero here is afraid of the past, the past is his shame. He was a coward. But in return, he insists on the memory, and the memory insists on him. Redrawing the picture of what happened seems like a purgatory that must be crossed. He is afraid of being forgotten: "The threads of the story are beginning to unravel in my head, and I fear I will forget them. Do you believe it? Then when he remembers how his friend Ibrahim was killed without himself firing a bullet at the enemy that would have been enough to save his friend, he screams: "I feel shame stuck to my bones." Here the past reaches its climax. Shame follows us while we are in front of it. In this movement people are merely witnesses. Fingers are raised to accuse everyone. Kanafani here is every Palestinian and Arab intellectual. After a disaster, the first step is a rigorous process of self-criticism. A cry of criticism at all. The three heroes here are confronted with the truth.

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5 - Kanafani Ghassan, Death Bed No. 12 and other stories. Mneimneh Library Publications, Beirut

The historical moment does not belong to them, because their enemy created it. The issue reflects directly on them. It collides with them and shocks them without leaving them room to gasp.

The voice that comes from between the lines is the voice of the heartbroken, cowardly intellectual. The heroes of these stories are just moments. They do not represent themselves. Their throat comes quickly to scream. Although Kanafani uses a classic narrative style, he talks about the hero or lets him talk about himself and about his little problem, as in the story of Something That Does Not Go Away. But what is meant is not the hero, his life, or his small problems, as in the story of Something That Never Goes Away. What is meant is the position. It is the moment that leaked from Enid's fingers and all that remained was shame.

The second movement: This sudden astonishment, this feeling of initial shame, if we will, soon disappears in the face of daily life. The new reality, the reality of tents and homelessness, now imposes its daily problems. Now it is necessary to adapt to this reality. In Death Bed Number 12, the new reality rises and enters the cycle of ordinary things. Hamid Al-Saghir, in the story of Cakes on the Pavement, represents this reality. The camp's children are just "young people" impatiently waiting for the sound of the last bell to pull themselves into the vast alleys in the great deserts of Damascus, fighting the sunset in order to earn dinner. School has become an

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5 - Kanafani Ghassan, Death Bed No. 12 and other stories. Mneimneh Library Publications, Beirut

opportunity to wait for the big bell in order to go to work. Children quickly lose their innocence and childhood, becoming men fighting with a loaf of bread. While tragedies continue to unfold, Hamid's father goes crazy when he sees his son's big head being cut off by the elevator [door] and the mother dying.

This misery continues with the people of the migrant camps in search of a living. In the story of Pearls on the Road, the process of searching for wealth ends with death in front of shells in search of pearls. In the story of Eight Minutes, a picture of the terrible relationship between capital and labor emerges before us: a man risks his life for ten liras or less, and the capitalist takes a risk with his girlfriend, while the worker faces the risk of death.

In the collection The Land of Sad Oranges: This tension reaches its peak, in a story beyond borders, Kanafani clearly presents the tragedy of homelessness. He gathers the miserable reality like a punch in his fist and hits it. “I do not come from the core of a state that asks from time to time about its citizens, I am denied the right to protest and the right to scream." This tension continues to escalate: "You tried to melt me sir! [...] Don't you see that you were able to transfer me from a person to a state?" "As an individual, I am just a pig. As a group, I am a case of commercial, tourism, and leadership value." Reality is unfolding quickly. The Palestinian is crushed. He turned into a mere situation. A situation for spectators and for tourists and a means for leaders to gain leadership.

And in the story of The Horizon Beyond The Gate: The human dimension of the tragedy is revealed to us. His sister died after his short rifle “gave everything inside it and then turned into a stick, just a dry stick that was

not good for anything," and his mother in the occupied territories also died. In front of the Mandelbaum Gate, he and his aunt are present. He does not know about the death of his mother, nor does she know about the death of his sister. The tragic feeling tramples people.

As for the story of Sad Oranges: in its depiction of tragedy, it depicts how men fall under the burden of defeat and homelessness.

Until he reaches [the point of] screaming, "I want to kill them and myself." Despair reaches the point of committing suicide and eliminating the entire family after he used to "run after cars as a young child."

Reflection of defeat towards self-destruction. Failure to face its difficult consequences, so trying to end it by turning against oneself. In the face of this reality, the easy answer comes: slipping into a spiral of despair and then slipping and falling into the abyss.

In Death Bed No. 12, this fall begins until it reaches the bottom in A World Not Ours (6). In the stories of the Death Bed No. 12, the image emerges. In the story of thirst, we notice manifestations of depression and loneliness. The intellectual goes to Kuwait in search of a morsel of bread. He finds before him depression and deadly loneliness. He is thirsty all night long and has no one beside him to tell him that he is thirsty. "Tomorrow, Dune Man, you will not be happy. The person you will sit with will not hear a word of his words. You are just looking for him to tell him as if you were talking about something in passing. Yesterday the water was cut off in my house." In the story of Discovering Others, the rope of despair and isolation dangles.

(M-7)

Here he leaves the party and he feels liberated and has no alternative but to mess around.

In the book A World Not Ours, this feeling is heightened through the story of Ten Meters Only. Here values begin to collapse in the face of the misery of life, and where values rise. "No, this will never fix a person." In one glass box, the miserable reality continues its crushing of humanity in front of disgusting brothels. This movement, which depicts the daily misery in the camps on the one hand, and the complete helplessness of intellectuals and their collapse in the face of their pressing daily demands and their daily lived reality, opens, through three short stories, the door to the third movement.

The crucified sheep in the collection Death Bed No. 12, where the shepherd asks for water for his flock and those going on a pilgrimage across the desert offer water to him without paying attention to his flock slipping into the group A World Not Ours. Where the antagonistic contradiction between the classes appears, the rich man who owns a palace wears the soles of "his father's flesh on his shoes. You may even find his eyes and nose on the sole of a shoe," as the young child says in school, telling the story of

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6 - Kanafani Ghassan, A World Not Ours, Dar Al-Tali'ah, Beirut. First edition, February 1965.

his father. Kafr Al-Munajem: Where the wealth that oozes from the walls comes only mixed with spit.

“It is the fluid of spit. You walk on the walls every evening, but you soon get used to it," and then the process of abandoning the positions of stagnation in order to begin a new movement.

The voice here still maintains its sharp tone as in the first movement - but it now faces the consequences and dives into them. The issue no longer has a direct or indirect impact on its owners. It dissolves in them completely. They bend under it and are unable to continue the course. As for those who flee to wealth and steal the child's father's nose or eyes, they live with spit. They get used to it. But this does not change the nature of their lives. The hero here is still a screamer. He is still standing - but the small things through which he moves impose on him their standing atmosphere filled with the bitterness of a blazing sun. There is no escape.

Third movement: The third movement appears in all three collections. In Death Bed No. 12 comes the story of the man who did not die. Kanafani brings us back here to the atmosphere of resistance. Mr. Ali, the owner of the land, sells it to the Jews. All the villagers are angry with him. Mrs. Zeinab asks him not to sell the land.

But he sells it. Her son Hamdan, his sister, and his father try to kill him. But the one who is killed is Hamdan, as the gun explodes in him. As for Mr. Ali, he was injured in his temple and neck. After many years, Mrs. Zainab saw Mr. Ali in the car. “For the first time since she left her land, she felt some comfort because Mr. Ali had not died [...] he is still alive, staring every

morning at the long wound carved into his temple and neck, and remembering the land he sold."

And in The Land of Sad Oranges: Three papers from Palestine tell us the story of the resistance, even if it was an individual, in Ramla at the hands of Abu Othman Al-Muslim. On a piece of paper, the ajwa seller places his hand on the wound, indicating the traitors: "The fault is not the fault of the policeman, it is the fault of the one who lost Palestine."

"The mistake was not mine, it was from above. Of those who read, write, and draw crooked lines, looking at them with interest." In a paper from Gaza, he refuses to emigrate, rejecting the temptation of money and comfort in the face of the effects of the aggression on Gaza, which are reflected in the leg of Nadia, his brother's daughter. He must deal with the tragedy in preparation for getting out of it and invite his friend to return, "Come back to learn from Nadia's leg, which was amputated from the upper thigh, what life is and what the value of existence is."

This return to the past and the call for commitment takes a challenging form in the story of Green and Red: "Don't die before you're an equal," and in the story of "Nothing" where the soldier who fired bullets across the border is accused of having a nervous breakdown. The soldier is surprised, saying, "They are not afflicted with this dangerous thing because they deliberately do not shoot." In A Dead Person In Mosul, Kanafani tries to depict the Arab road to Palestine as a road passing through Arab cities before reaching the cities of Palestine. In the collection A World Not Ours, he tells us the story of the falcon, "Deer love to die with their family [...] Falcons do not care where they die."

This third movement is an indicator before asking questions. She is just trying, under the influence of astonishment and shock, to retrieve some of its bright pages from the past. The defeat is still fresh in her mind. But the hero here is more flesh and bone. It is not a state and it is not a shock. It is now a scream that tries to point to the wound and tries to touch it.

Ghassan Kanafani maintains the duality here. While the date seller simply points out the source of the wound, "The mistake was from above," he answers in a sharp voice, "Don't die before you become an equal."

While Mrs. Zeinab's simple popular sentiment drives her to rejoice because Mr. Ali did not die. He calls for abandoning emigration abroad - rejecting the bleeding of intellectuals, in order to learn from Nadia's leg the meaning of life.

These three movements combine to form a cohesive melody, which is a melody of astonishment and screams. In the face of bereavement, these three groups try to comprehend its dimensions in order to digest it, and the story of the bride in the group A World Not Ours gives evidence of this digestion. This story was written in 1965, when it took madness to search for a gun. The Palestinian hero in these short stories is a dual hero: he is both popular and literary at the same time. The popular feeling flows smoothly in the first and second movements. Then the writer comes with his sharp voice to curb this flow. To at least let him know that there is a possibility to ask a radical question, and to start the process of answering it. The hero in these three movements is still outside the historical action. Reality crashes into him, and when he tries to struggle, he leaves nothing but wounds on the faces of traitors. The reaction phase is still dominant. The hero does not undertake a radical revelation of his tragedy. He just

tries not to drown in her and begins the process of touching her. Kanafani expresses the oppressed class, the people of the camps. Even its intellectuals are children of the camps who are toiling to make a living. Avant-garde action has not yet entered. The hero's features are still forming in the heart of the tragedy itself. Kanafani cannot get out of the tragedy and analyzes it from the outside. The sound is still just screaming. The heroes and their psyches are still boiling over the enemy's frying pan. The enemy itself does not appear directly to be the Jews only. It is not a person or a group of people, it is an issue. The path is not yet clear.

B - The question and the beginning of the action: The exit from the stage of astonishment, shock, and slippage, which followed the first defeat, occurred in stages. In the previous stage, Kanafani was putting the first touches to exit. But now the voice seems clearer and the shock is dissolving and with it comes an attempt to put things into perspective, an attempt to begin the long journey. Now the question arises: We must do something, so why haven't we done something? Then the mother's distant face appears, we must go to her, engage the Israeli soldier, and cross the desert to reach her.

This stage is recorded with all sincerity by the two novels, Men in the Sun and What Remains For You (7). The entire stage oscillates between two points: the question and the beginning of the action. The question is a product of the past stage, and the beginning of action is the beginning of a new stage. Between the question and the action, the character of the Palestinian hero is crystallized more clearly, the writer has a decisive role, and the issue takes on its realistic historical scope.

1 - In Men in the Sun, Kanafani poses the question based on everyday

reality. The Palestinian ran after the fleeing loaf across the desert to Kuwait. The story moves through four main characters who represent the different Palestinian generations, the daily concerns that pull them together, the concerns of the camp, the longing for the concrete roof, and [the longing] for life.

Abu Qais: An old man, the ground under his body is still trembling like a woman, and her scent makes him "smell his wife's hair when she comes out of the bathroom and has washed with cold water [...] The smell is the smell of a woman who washed with cold water and spread her hair over his face while it was still wet." But life is different. Death is better than life. There must be some money. When the idea of traveling to Kuwait to accumulate wealth comes to him, the following conversation takes place between him and his wife:

"What do you see Umm Qais?"

She stared at him and whispered:

- "As you can see.
- We will be able to teach Qais.
- Yes.
- We may buy an olive or two.

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7 - Kanafani Ghassan, What Remains For You, Al-Tali'ah House, Beirut, first edition, September 1966.

- Of course.
- Maybe we can build a room somewhere.
- Yeah.
- If you're here, when I arrive."

Asaad: Assad also dreams of dinars in Kuwait. He borrowed fifty dinars from a man who wanted to marry his daughter to him. In this deal, he has no power. So he appreciated it as his uncle considered it, just because his father recited Al-Fatihah with his uncle when he and she were born on the same day. He was happiest about his experiences with smugglers. He paid twenty dinars for Abu Al-Abd to smuggle him from Amman to Baghdad. So he took the dirhams and left him alone in the middle of the road.

Marwan: He is still young. His brother, who is in Kuwait, left them without a breadwinner because he got married. His father also left his mother to marry Shafiqa, who lost her leg during the bombing of Jaffa and who owns a house on the outskirts of town. So he has to support the family.

In front of the smugglers' doors in Basra, the price was high, it was 15 dinars. But Abu Al Khayzuran offers Marwan to smuggle them to Kuwait for five dinars. The method is by means of a water tanker. They remain in the tank for six minutes when crossing the Iraq-Kuwait border. It was not easy. Upon arriving at the border point, Abu Baqir and the rest of the

border employees began to joke with the driver. Half an hour passes. Then, in the middle of the desert, Abu al-Khayzuran opens the door of the tank and finds the three bodies inside.

The three characters who move within this story cannot be understood without understanding the daily misery experienced by the camp residents. They are realistic characters who want quick salvation. As for Abu al-Khayzuran, who lost his manhood in the war, he also wants to accumulate wealth through smuggling. "His manhood was lost, his homeland was lost, and damn everything in this cursed universe." When he meets Marwan and offers to smuggle him,

he accepts only five dinars from him, while professional smugglers ask for fifteen dinars in advance. But the surprise was at the border. When the employees start joking with him about his sexual relations with the dancers in Basra - in the midst of the banter, the three die - so he throws them in front of the dustbin in Kuwait after stealing their dirhams. Then "the idea slipped out of his head and then rolled onto his tongue: Why didn't they knock on the walls of the tank?" He turned around but was afraid that he would fall, so he climbed the step to his seat and rested his head on the steering wheel - Why didn't you knock on the walls of the tank? Suddenly the whole desert began to echo: Why didn't you knock on the walls of the tank? Why didn't you knock on the walls of the tank? Why? Why? Why?"

This story of Kanafani's represents a qualitative leap on the artistic level - the characters move freely. She is from different generations and has one goal. At first glance, the issue seems far-fetched. They just suffer the consequences. Just like Dad Bamboo. Then suddenly we discover at the end of the story that everyone suffers from a loss of masculinity. The desert

groans beneath their feet, asking them why the silence. This symbolic story avoids all the problems and complexities of symbolic literature. Its symbol is clear and distinct. The Palestinian people die every day in the tank without screaming, so the land must scream now.

The hero in this story is the Palestinian worker. But the artist holds the [steering] wheel of his car well. The conclusion they reached is that they did not knock down the wall. Kanafani poses the burning question: Why? The issue is starting to take on a life of its own. It is a new stage in consciousness - interaction with the monotonous, exhausting life has begun to produce its own questions. The main question needs an answer. The writer holds tightly to his handlebars, as plunging into the freedom of death must be accompanied by a question. It is a hurtful question that the desert repeats until the road signs become clear.

2 - In the novel What Remains For You, the issue takes on a new dimension and moves towards the beginning of the historical action. The hour, man, and the desert mix in a terrible way - man becomes an extension of the land. Action becomes the beginning of the long road. Hamed marries his filthy sister, Zakaria, who sold Salem and the people. He forced his sister in law and slammed the door behind him, leaving Gaza for Jordan to his mother. "If your mother were here." The five heroes in this novel, Hamid, Maryam, Zakaria, the clock, and the desert, intertwine - defeat intertwines with its causes and with the causes of its end.

The ground trembles like a virgin and addresses Hamed. “He was completely alone, without weapons and perhaps without hope as well, and yet at the first moment of terror, he said that he was asking for my love because he could not hate me."

Hamed goes out to his mother. And Mary was before her destiny, Zechariah. The fetus flopped in her stomach. The distance between Gaza and Jordan is long, and Hamed has no guide. He let the clock tick over Maryam's head and left. And Zechariah does not want the child. Maryam is afraid of her co-wife, Fathia, who bore him five children. Umm Hamed is in Jordan. The desert was flat in front of him. He throws his watch at her. He clashes with an Israeli soldier and defeats him, without them being able to speak or understand each other. He can slit his neck without a single tremor. There is nothing left for him. His sister's dowry is postponed, everything is postponed. "What's left of her? What is left for you?

What's left for me? Residue calculation. Loss calculation. Death reckoning. What remains for me in the whole world: a corridor of black sand, a crossing between two losses, a tunnel blocked at both ends. All postponed, all of it is postponed." While Hamed was closing in on the Israeli, Maryam was holding the knife and stabbing Zakaria in his pubic area, just above his thighs. "The narrow ray of sunlight filtering through the window illuminated a thin line of blood."

In this story, Kanafani was able to delve deeper into the future. While his three heroes in Men in the Sun die without screaming, without trying. The heroes in What Remains For You all blend together until you think they have one hero, which is death. Death as an act and a challenge - the ills of the Palestinian people are revealed. Time passes quickly. Maryam sleeps with Zakaria. Zakaria betrays all the people of Gaza by handing him over safely. Hamed strikes in the desert. In front of him is an Israeli soldier. The enemies are all sick and all are here. The future is entering the path of death.

With this novel, the Palestinian hero enters the stage of approaching death. It is within the historical act. The possibility of creating the moment began to unfold to him. It unfolds through thick fog and extreme loss. But it shows the heroes haunted by the cause, their relationship with it one of life and death. She is the one who made them this way and she is the one who will open the doors of passage for them again - Kanafani does not preach. His voice comes mixed with the sound of the desert - the cause gives birth to its children. This is how it appears to me. Hamed, Maryam, and Zakaria collectively express many aspects of the Palestinian personality. The personality of the camp residents. Maryam frees herself with the knife. Hamed frees himself by fleeing to his mother through the desert. But the desert reveals to him his true enemy, the Israeli whose mother will return and be born again by fighting him. Death is a harbinger of the newness that will emerge from the Palestinian person.

The Israeli in Men in the Sun does not get in the way. He doesn't exist yet. The Palestinian people are defeated without seeing their enemy. As for What Remains For You, the journey towards death and the challenge across the body of the desert reveals to us the main enemy - the Israelis - there, and it is possible to defeat him. As for dialogue with him, it is impossible. The only possible dialogue is the dialogue of fighting.

In these two novels, Kanafani reveals new dimensions to the cause - his fate is mixed with the fate of the people. The cause is no longer an individual cause. That is, defeat is no longer reflected in individuals suffering difficulties and humiliation - humiliation has become collective, and the necessity of fighting and going out to the mother has become a collective necessity.

If we try to compare Kanafani, who starts from the camp positions, with two other Arab writers, who start from other class positions and ideological positions linked to the oppressed culture, what do we find:

While Kanafani was discovering the dialectic of the question and searching for the answer, Samira Azzam was offering an easy solution. The duality of the mass intellectual can be solved by individual terrorism.

(M - 8)

In the story "Because He Loves Them," published in the collection "The Hour and the Human" (8). The hero is an employee of the agency who sees with his own eyes how his people die daily. How the living humiliates them. The truth of the tragedy is revealed to him, which strips people of their humanity, transforms them into detractors, and destroys their family life. "They lost dignity when they lost the land," but what is the solution? The solution is an individual solution, a terrorist solution. He burns the agency's stores because "he wants to know all the people, all the refugees, everyone in the agency, and the investigator himself will know that he is something greater than a thief, superior to a scoundrel, and that his people will not curse him if they are hungry [...] so he did not burn their strength, and he did not direct his fire on the spoils of thieves and mice, but only because [...] he loves them!

As for Halim Barakat, in his novel Six Days (9), he gives the image of the Palestinian intellectual who is unable to integrate into the development movement of his people. He revolts against weariness, corruption, and sexual repression as an expression of social Salafism. He wants to get free

quickly. After a while, Deir el-Bahr falls after six days, the spies are exposed, and the resistance collapses. It clearly shows us how Barakat writes as an intellectual. It expresses a social segment that participated in the fighting. But she kept her distance from the battlefield. The intellectual here is helpless. His feet are in Deir el-Bahr and his head is in London. He addresses the masses and despises them at the same time.

He flees the demonstration because the "person feels like a straw in the stream." Barakat cannot understand the mass movement of controversy - the real movement of the masses. Therefore, when he remains outside of it, he is not only expressing himself, but rather expresses a social segment.

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8 - Azzam Samira, The Hour and the Human, National Foundation for Printing and Publishing, Beirut.

Barakat cannot understand the mass movement of controversy - the real movement of the masses. Therefore, when he remains outside of it, he is not only expressing himself, but rather expresses a social segment that is a victim of the relationship of dependency and thus a victim of its helplessness.

C - Revolution is the way: The defeat of 1967 transformed the Palestinian cause from a cause into a revolution. This violent and rapid transformation did not find its beginning in war, but rather found its way through defeat. The introductions were made by the Gaza resistance and the armed vanguards. As for the objective path, it was opened by the defeat of the regimes. Regimes retreated due to the intervention of the people. As much as the new beginning was rich in experiences of struggle, it was also rich in literary and artistic contributions. In fact, Kanafani seems to quickly overcome defeat, placing his hand on the wound, raising his finger, pointing to the path to armed struggle.

Kanafani and Halim Barakat present us with two different images of defeat. While Barakat was still immersed in his novel "The Bird's Return to the Sea" (10) - with his educated self.

Here he gives two sides to reality - the popular side. The failed resistance

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9 - Barakat Halim, Six Days, Poetry Magazine Publishing, Beirut 1961.

attempts by the Israelis to enter the West Bank during the days of the 1967 War and the other side. The face of an intellectual who sees some aspects of his society's ills. Intellectuals are isolated from public life. "Where are the institutions that know how to benefit from their experience" and their criticism of the Arab revolutionary movement: “I do not underestimate the importance of revolutionary movements. I do not consider them to exist. There are coups, not social revolutions. Don't blame me if I'm being honest. "You are a political revolutionary and a social reactionary.

None of us rebel against tradition." The truth is quickly revealed to this isolated intellectual in the ruins of June: "It had not occurred to him that there was a large deprived group in Lebanon." The solution appears in the face of the guerrilla, who is “a symbol of a human being who is able to reject all the temptations of the world that we cling to, clash over, and sell our lives to.” Then Ramzi Safadi, the hero of his novel, decides to enter the storm of history. Halim Barakat remains outside the realist movement - helpless. His intellectual, Ramzi Safadi, cannot escape from his subjectivity, so he understands guerrilla work perfectly. He does not understand that when the masses enter the armed struggle, they enter it because they do not lose anything. They don't have anything. He does not understand that the present is not changed by words, but rather the revolutionary process itself is what crushes and erases old customs and traditions that are no longer suitable for the new lifestyle - the new lifestyle is what creates its way of life.

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10 - Barakat Halim, The Bird’s Return to the Sea, Dar Al-Nahar Publishing, Beirut 1969.

On the other hand, Kanafani's After What's Left Of You explores this path. The way is to dive deeply into the people. He is fully confident in the ability of the masses to learn from their experiences and overcome their mistakes.

At this stage, Kanafani wrote two books: Men And Guns (11) and Umm Saad (12). Men And Guns expresses two realities:

1 - Paintings about the revolution before the first defeat.

Young Mansour borrows his uncle's armor and fights in Safed. While his brother, the doctor, is immersed in Jewish women. He forgot [about] the country. He left his father to die without knowing it after the Battle of Jeddin Castle: successive images of the popular revolution that contain a lot of simplicity and a lot of honesty and depth. After destroying a British military vehicle, Abu Al-Abd turns towards Abu Al-Hassan and the following conversation takes place between them:

- "You know, we should go back to that soldier and beat him [up]. We forgot to do that.
- What?
- All my life I had longed to slap an English soldier in the face, and yet I forgot to do so."

Then comes the painting of the little boy going to the camp or the time of

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11 - Kanafani Ghassan, On Men and Guns, Dar Al-Adab, Beirut, first edition, October 1968.

12 - Kanafani Ghassan, Umm Saad, Dar Al Awda, Beirut 1969.

clashes. In this painting, Kanafani gives the truest possible picture of the reality of the camp after the defeat - the men who carried rifles and fought have now become neglected corners of the camp waiting for the five pennies to buy the newspaper in which they can follow up on what is happening to their cause, and time is a time of clash.

"The world at that time was standing on its head. No one demands virtue from him. Sir, it will seem funny who does, [...] to live however and by whatever means is a prestigious triumph of virtue. Well, when a person dies, virtue [also] dies." Paintings that express the first reality takes us back to the past. Imagine it. Do not ask questions about it - a cinematic camera moves from one location to another, until we reach the camp, until the time of the clash. The heroes of this stage are ordinary, simple people. They know that war is the path to salvation - they confront Abbas, the usurer, who rents his rifle in exchange for a mortgage on the olive field. But they don't care about him, they head towards battle. Then comes the time of clashes to shed light on camp life. Where it is important to find a bite to eat. It's okay to steal it from someone else's mouth. What's important is that you eat.

2 - Resistance panels. It begins with the story of the axe.

The key hanging on the wall - all his life he thought it looked like an axe. But now his son did not notice [...] then suddenly, with the sound of the drums of war in May 1967, the key in the little boy's eye turned into an axe. The homeland returns to take its shape, the shape of a fighter. Then the resistance begins through two paintings: In many things in one night, reality imposes the pattern and necessity of resistance. Just as the sounds of war in May returned the key to its historical size, so [does] the objective

nature of the Israeli enemy [which] imposes resistance:

- "What will do they now?
- They will blow up the houses.
- Our homes...
- Why?
- Because I...
- Because you...
- Because I am innocent."

In the last panel, the resistance takes its size. Hamed was struck down while fighting. He no longer wants to hear the wailing and the words. The past of crying must be buried in front of the men and guns advancing towards the land.

The heroes here are thrown into battle by objective reality. Defeat, the reality of occupation, and a homeland that has become more distant... These things together push people to fight. And when they fight, they get knocked out. They abandon the past and its ideology to open a new page.

In Umm Saad, resistance takes its clear form. "We learn from the masses and teach them. However, it seems certain to me that we have not yet graduated from the schools of the masses, the true and permanent teacher." Kanafani in this book fully embodies the character of the son of the camp. The terrible reality, which drives him to fight. "The war began with the radio and ended with the radio. When she finished, I got up to break it, this

is how Umm Saad began to tell. Then the resistance begins, and Umm Saad discovers, after her son joins the Fedayeen, that “one tent is separated from another." "If Saad does not go, who will go?" Then, in the heart of the shield in enemy land, Saad believes that his mother is following him, and that she is bringing him food. Then we see those who escaped and those who advanced through the Israeli aggression on Beirut Airport, but the Umm Saad case takes on its great importance in a message board after 22 years.

In this painting, there is a serious attempt to learn from the past. From the relationship between Fadl and Abd al-Mawla, Fadl, who went to the mountains to fight, then returned and found Abd al-Mawla, the coward and traitor, became a leader - and we hear the following dialogue:

- "If he had stayed in the mountain, Umm Saad, Abdul Mawla would not have been able to throw a party...
- True, if they all remained. But what happened? The poor man preferred to ride on his back in the winepress, in the mountain, and then in the winepress. If he came to the camp, they would also ride on his back."

Insisting on staying in the mountain - not to compromise and accept deception.

Kanafani records the great change that took place in the camp. People's psychology changed with guerrilla action - Umm Saad removes her old hijab. She wears a blank bullet as her veil and challenges the soldier. She did not tell him that Saad had come, not because she feared for Saad, but because she feared for Saad for the soldier. When the rifles come to the camp and Saad trains with them, Abu Saad becomes another man. Now he walks like a rooster, and his dahlia is budding. In Umm Saad, Kanafani goes out to the masses to learn from them with all sincerity. The Palestinian mother returns, her face full of tents, bleeding men, and revolution. However, Kanafani's literary journey, which for a moment seems to be on the verge of answering the question I posed from the beginning, reveals to us incomplete. Kanafani forgets himself and his role. Drowning in the masses.

His voice does not rise unless he reminds of the lessons of the past, the lessons of Fadl and Abdel Mawla, and the necessity of staying in the mountains. He sanctifies popular spontaneity and is drawn to it. He does not maintain the distance that allows him to contribute to the intellectual-masses dialectic. It is a return to popular wisdom. But popular wisdom is refined by tragedy and refined by revolution. Is this enough? The threads that are intertwined around the camps and around the mountains are the ones who can untie them at the technical level. Or must art give up its partial role in order to be content with a more modest role?

Umm Saad reminds us a lot of Umm Gorky, the socialist realist hero, the popular example that should be emulated. In contrast to Umm Saad, Brecht's play The Mother (13) stands out. Brecht presents the character of Gorky's mother. But it gives greater appreciation to the historical path, to

the objective and subjective factors that transformed her from a mere ordinary mother into a revolutionary fighter. The author's voice does not disappear, he distances himself from his characters, raises his voice, preaching and calling. He shows us how the dialectic of the intellectual - the masses, and the dialectic of the masses - the objective conditions, produces revolutionary action - revolutionary will.

Kanafani's heroes at this stage are the masses. The simple masses, from whom the revolution creates a tremendous material force. Old relationships disintegrate and fall apart. The revolution develops its own ideology.

Back to the past in Men And Guns and the moving present in Umm Saad. They are two images of connected locations. The interruption that occurred in 1948 has now come to be covered by the revolution and to build a bridge connecting it to its past struggle. The old feeling of bereavement and helplessness fades. Regretting the past falls. The Palestinian hero regains his old voice and the revolution creates itself. Today the issue takes on the size of the men who make it. The voice comes out sharp and strong. It is the voice of those who do not lose anything because they do not have anything. And at the points of their rifles comes their future.

D - Estrangement: Returning to Haifa (14). Kanafani announces his break with the humiliated past - the twenty years that passed in tents, in dreams of returning without a fight. To this end, he tells the story of Saeed S, who returns to his home in Haifa after the 1967 War to find that his son

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13 - Brecht Bertolt, Theater complet, Tome III, Edition l'Arche, Paris.

Khaldoun, whom he left by mistake - while he was still in bed - finds him transformed into the Israeli soldier Dov, and that “the man is, in the end, a cause.” Through the dialogue that takes place between Saeed S. and Dov, Saeed discovers reality. The homeland is neither the house nor the feathers of the peacock. It's a cause that "doesn't happen at all." Saeed S. discovers the impossibility of dialogue and the necessity of fighting, so when he was about to leave the house, he said: “You can stay temporarily in our house. This is something that requires war to settle.” He hopes that his son Khaled would have gone to the Fedayeen during their absence. He wishes to go, even though he himself had prevented him a short while ago.

In Returning to Haifa, there are no heroes in the true sense. The heroes are just causes that allow Kanafani to declare a break and join the revolution. The recent past must be practically rejected. Practical rejection begins with the revolutionary path. For the first time, the Israeli appears clearly. And he has his problems. Miriam, who escaped from Auschwitz, is a good person who is disgusted by the actions of the Haganah and does not want to stay in Palestine. This Miriam turns into a mere cause. Conflict ends her humanity. Man is a historical path in the end. Kanafani's sharp voice overshadows the artistic character of a returnee from Haifa. But in his voice, the features of the cause are united like the edge of a knife, and old dreams are shattered. The time is the time of the guerrilla, Khaled, not the time of Saeed S. With this novel, Kanafani’s narrative journey to Palestine ends. This journey is recorded through the heroes of his tragic stories. Its rhythm, its reality, and

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14 - Kanafani Ghassan, Returning to Haifa, Dar Al Awda, Beirut.

the way to get out of it. It coincides with the cause so that it is difficult to distinguish between them sharply. Kanafani, the writer and artist, abandons his subjectivity and ultimately dissolves in the sea of the masses. When he dies, he is scattered on the homeland. Like all his heroes. The land includes everyone. The homeland is the way to reach it. When Jabra Ibrahim Jabra presents his strong adherence to individualism and his refusal to commit for fear of becoming the individual [who] "will become just another voice repeating what the group is repeating," that “What hope is there for man, for creation, for civilization?” (15) In this case, it removes the person from his historical presence.

The individual outside the group is outside himself, he is nothing, and the historical mind does not create the individual except to the extent that he is part of a group, of a people, of a class. The path of revolutionary art is difficult and full of thorns. He must remove a large ideological pile. The rubble of the ruling classes that transformed art from a collective tool, from a collective necessity, into mere entertainment and luxury. It takes on the function of obscuring facts. This path is not easy. The artist must maintain a balanced equation, the equation of the present and the future. The equation of absorption and transcendence. Absorbing the past and transcending it at the same time.

In this narrative journey, Kanafani has drawn many bright landmarks on

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15 - Jabra Ibrahim Jabra in the introduction to the collection Silence and Rain, Halim Barakat, Sha’ar Magazine Publishing House, Beirut 1958, p. 16

the long road. The duality of the intellectual - for him, of the masses dissolve into a highly confident connection to the real movement of the masses. Umm Saad is the voice that comes from the heart of the camps to show the way. But Kanafani, in his revolutionary drive, violated the conditions of this difficult equation. His violation in itself is a shining sign. The breach was always in the interests of the helpless and alienated intellectual. With the violation comes the interest of the masses who move. Hence, Ghassan Kanafani is a shining sign on a difficult, long, and complex path. The path of building a revolutionary and a revolutionary culture becomes an effective weapon alongside other weapons in the battle of revolution and liberation.

(M - 9)

Interview with Ghassan Kanafani

This interview with Kanafani is part of an interview conducted by a Swiss writer who specializes in the literature of Ghassan Kanafani. This text was first published in *Palestinian Affairs*. It is useful to quote it in this book, given its importance as it sheds light on Kanafani's personal life and the development of his literary concepts.

Ghassan, can you tell me something about your personal background?

I think my story reflects a very traditional Palestinian background. I left Palestine when I was eleven years old and belonged to a middle-class family. My father was a lawyer, and I was studying in a French missionary school. Suddenly, this middle-class family collapsed and we became refugees. My father immediately stopped working because of his deep-rooted class roots. Continuing to work after we left Palestine no longer made sense to him. This would have forced him to abandon his class and move to a lower class. This is not easy. As for us, we started working as boys and teenagers in order to support the family. I was able to pursue my educational attainment myself through my work as a teacher in one of the primary schools in the village, which does not require high academic competence, and that was a logical beginning that helped me continue the secondary stage, which I completed in the meantime. After that, I joined the university (University of Damascus), Department of Arabic Literature, for three years, after which I was dismissed for political reasons. When I traveled to Kuwait, where I stayed for six years.

I began reading and writing there. My political career began in 1952 when I was fourteen or fifteen years old. In the same year, or in 1953, I met Dr. George Habash in Damascus by chance, for the first time. I was working as a proofreader at a printing press that day. I do not remember who introduced me to the doctor, but my acquaintance with him began at that time. I immediately joined the ranks of the Arab Nationalist Movement, and thus my political life began. During my stay in Kuwait, I practiced political activities within the Arab Nationalist Movement.

In 1960, I was asked to move to Lebanon to work in the party's newspaper. In 1967, I was asked to work with the Popular Front for the Liberation of

Palestine, which is a Palestinian branch of the Arab Nationalist Movement. In 1969, I began my work in Al-Hadaf newspaper, and I still do.

Did you start writing as a result of your study of Arabic literature?

No, I think my interest in Arabic literature began before my studies. I think that this interest of mine was the result of a complex, if memory serves me correctly. I was studying in a French missionary school, as I mentioned before. To leave Palestine. Therefore, I did not master the Arabic language as an Arab. This caused me a lot of trouble. This always happened to my friends because I was not fluent in Arabic. This deficiency was not apparent when we were in Palestine because of my social class.

But when we left Palestine, my friends came from a different class and they immediately noticed that my Arabic was poor and that I resorted to foreign expressions in my conversations. Therefore, I focused my attention on the Arabic language in order to manage this problem.

This was most likely in 1954. I think I broke my leg that year in an accident. I had to stay in bed for six months, and then I started reading Arabic seriously.

I think we can cite many examples throughout history of people who "lost" their language and are thus trying to recover it. Do you think that this process develops a person politically?

I know. It may be so. As for me personally, I was "politicized" in a different way. I turned towards politics at an early stage because we lived in the camp. Therefore, I was in direct contact with the Palestinians and their

problems through that sad and emotional atmosphere that I experienced as a child. It was not difficult for me to discover the political roots of the atmosphere in which I experienced.

When I started teaching, I faced many difficulties with the children I taught in the camp. I always got angry when I saw a child sleeping during class. I simply discovered the reason: These boys worked at night, selling candy, gum, or the like in movie theaters and on the streets. Of course, they would come to class very tired. A situation like this leads a person immediately to the root of the problem. It became clear to me that the child's sleep was not the result of his disdain for me or his hatred of science, nor was the problem related to my dignity as a teacher. Rather, it was merely a reflection of the political problem.

So, this experience contributed to developing your social and political awareness.

Yes, and I remember that this happened one day directly. As you know, teachers of young students teach them all subjects, including drawing, arithmetic, English, Arabic, and others. One day, I was trying to teach the children to draw an apple and a banana in line with the program approved by the Syrian government, as I was practicing education there.

I had to stick to the book. And at that moment, when I was trying to draw these two figures on the board as completely as possible, I had a feeling of alienation, strangeness, and lack of belonging. I remember well that I felt at that moment that I had to do something, because I clearly realized, before I saw the faces of the children sitting behind me, that they had never seen an apple or a banana. Therefore, these things were the last thing that

interested them. There was no connection between them and these two drawings. In fact, the relationship between their feelings and these drawings was a tense relationship, not a good one. That was a decisive turning point, as I clearly remember that particular moment among all the events that occurred in my life. As a result, I erased the drawings from the board and asked the children to draw the camp. A few days later, when the inspector came to the school, he said that I had fallen short of the government program, which proved that I was a failed teacher. Having to defend myself brought me directly into the Palestinian issue. The accumulation of small steps like this pushes people to make decisions that will leave their mark on their entire lives.

Commenting on this point, I think it concerns you in particular. When you deal with art, as a socialist anyway, you link art directly to the social, political, and economic environment. You touched on that by drawing an apple and a banana. But as for your writings, do these writings have a relationship to the sites and the present time, or are they drawn from the (literary) heritage?

I published my first story in 1956, and it was entitled "A New Sun." Its events revolve around a child from Gaza. When I review all the stories I have written about Palestine so far, it becomes clear to me that each story is linked, directly or indirectly, and with a fine or strong thread, to my personal experiences in life. However, my writing style developed during the period between 1956 and 1960 or so. Specifically, the year 1962.

In the beginning, I was writing about Palestine as an issue in itself, about Palestinian children, about the Palestinian person, about the hopes of the Palestinians themselves, as things separate from this world of ours,

independent and self-existing as purely Palestinian facts. Then it became clear to me that I began to see Palestine as an integrated human symbol. When I write about a Palestinian family, I am actually writing about a human experience. There is no incident in the world that is not represented by the Palestinian tragedy. When I depict the misery of the Palestinians, I am in fact presenting the Palestinian as a symbol of misery in the entire world. You can say that Palestine represents the entire world in my stories. The (literary) critic can now notice that my stories do not only deal with the Palestinian (individual) and his problems, but rather they deal with the human condition of a person who suffers from the same problems. But perhaps these problems were more crystallized in the lives of the Palestinians.

Did your literary development accompany your political development?

Yes, actually, I don't know which came before the other.

The day before yesterday, I was watching one of my stories that was produced as a movie. I wrote this story in 1961.

I watched the film with a new perspective when I suddenly discovered that the dialogue between the heroes, their line of thinking, their (social) class, their ambitions, and their roots at that time expressed advanced concepts from my political ideas. (So) I can say that my personality as a novelist was more developed than my personality as a politician, and not the other way around, and this is reflected in my analysis of society and my understanding of it.

Do your writings reflect an analysis of your society, or are your analyzes also colored by an emotional tone?

I think that my short stories were based on an emotional situation in the beginning. But you can say that my writings began to reflect reality since the early sixties. My observation of this reality and my writing about it led me to a sound analysis. My stories themselves lack analysis. But there is the way in which the heroes of the story behave, the decisions they make, the reasons that push them to make these decisions, the possibility of crystallizing those decisions, etc... In my novels, I express reality, as I understand it, without analysis. As for what I meant by saying that my stories were more developed than my political opinions, it is due to my sincere astonishment when I followed the development of the heroes in the story that I was watching as a movie, and which I had not read during the past years. I was astonished when I heard (again) my heroes' dialogue about their problems, and I was able to compare their dialogue with the political articles I had written in the same time period. I saw that the story's heroes were analyzing matters in a deeper and closer way than my political articles.

You mentioned that you began your political career by joining the Arab Nationalist Movement the day you met Habash in 1953. When did you embrace socialist principles (then)? The Arab Nationalist movement was not a socialist movement at first.

No, it wasn't. The Arab nationalist movement was (directed) against colonialism, imperialism, and reactionism. It did not have a (specific) ideological line at that time.

However, this movement adopted its own socialist line during the years it

lived. Anti-imperialism gives an impetus towards socialism, because if one does not give up the fight in the middle of the battle and if one does not reach a settlement with imperialism, in this case it will not be possible for this movement to develop into a socialist movement. But if one continues to fight (the anti-imperialist movement will naturally develop) into a socialist position. The Arab nationalists realized this fact in the late 1950s - they realized that they could not win the war against imperialism unless they relied on certain social classes: those classes that were fighting imperialism not only for their dignity, but for their subsistence and livelihood. This was the path that would lead directly to socialism. However, we in our society and movement (i.e. the Arab Nationalist movement) were very sensitive regarding Marxist-Leninist (principles), and our position was not the result of our hostility to socialism, but rather it was a result of the mistakes committed by the communist parties in the Arab world. That is why it was very difficult for the Arab Nationalist movement to adopt Marxism-Leninism before 1964.

But in 1967, in the month of July specifically, the Popular Front embraced (the principles of) Marxism-Leninism and was thus, "the only front within the Arab Nationalist Movement that took such a step. As for the Arab Nationalist Movement, it changed its name to the Socialist Labor Party." As for the branch It was called the "Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine." This is how this movement (the Popular Front) arose. Of course, this is a simplification of the problem. We had developed within the Arab Nationalists' movement. There was a constant struggle within the movement between the so-called right and the left. And in every Round, the

left was the profitable side because our position with regard to combating imperialism and reactionism was better (than that of the right). This resulted in us embracing Marxism-Leninism. As for me, I do not remember now whether my position on the conflicts that took place within the front was the right or the right. Left, as the border between the right and the left was not as distinct at the time as it is now, for example, in the developed political parties. But I can say that the Arab Nationalist movement included some young elements, and I was among them. Which was making fun of the older people's sensitivity towards communism.

Of course, we were not communists at that time, and we did not favor communism. However, our sensitivity against communism was less than that of the elderly. Consequently, the new generation played a prominent role in developing the Arab nationalist movement into a Marxist-Leninist movement. The main factor in this was that the majority of the members of the Arab Nationalist Movement were from the poor class. As for members belonging to the petty bourgeoisie or the big bourgeoisie, their number was limited. They also did not continue this movement, as they left it two years after joining it.

New members (from these classes) also joined it (they also left it after a short period). As for the poor classes, it continued and continued, and soon they formed a pressing force within the Arab Nationalist Movement.

When did you start studying Marxism-Leninism? Do you remember that?

I do not think that my own experience in this regard is traditional.

First, I was and still am an admirer of Soviet writers. However, my

admiration for them was absolute at that time. This helped me melt the ice between me and Marxism. I became acquainted with Marxism at an early stage through my reading and admiration for Soviet writers. Second, one of my relatives was a prominent communist. This relative of mine influenced my life at that early stage. Also, when I went to Kuwait, I stayed with other young men in one house, and we were seven people in total. A few weeks after my arrival, I discovered that the other Sunnis were forming a communist cell. So I can say that my communications were excellent, and therefore I began reading about Marxism at a very early stage, and I do not know how much I absorbed at that time and at that stage. Under the influence of these emotions in light of the Arab nationalist movement. I cannot measure the extent of my understanding or comprehension of the material I was reading. However, the content was not strange to me.

These early influences may have made your (early) stories advanced in relation to your political ideas at the time. I think your knowledge of Soviet literature and your contacts with Marxists was reflected in your writings.

I do not think that these factors take precedence. I think that the greatest influence on my writing is due to reality itself: what I see as the experiences of my friends, my family, my brothers, and my students, my coexistence in the camps with poverty and misery. These are the factors that influenced. Perhaps my fondness for Soviet literature was due to the fact that that literature expressed, analyzed, treated and described what I was seeing in reality. My admiration still continues, of course. However, I do not know whether Soviet literature had an influence on my writing. I do not know the

size of this effect, but I prefer to say that the first effect is not due to it, but rather to reality itself. All the heroes of my novels were inspired by the reality that shocked me strongly, and not from imagination. Also, I did not choose my heroes for artistic and literary reasons. They were all from the camp and not from outside it. As for the artistic characters in my first stories, they were always evil. This is due to my experience with my subordinates at work. So life itself had the greatest influence on my writing.

You belonged to the middle class but joined the proletariat when you were a young boy.

Yes, of course, my background is linked to the middle class, as my father belonged to it before we went to Syria as refugees. My family's attachment to its (class) roots was far from reality, as there was no connection between it and those roots.

(M - 10)

We, the children, had to confront this contradiction between the past and reality. Consequently, my relationship with members of my class became aggressive instead of friendly. I will not claim to have joined the proletariat. I was not a real proletariat. Rather, I joined what we call in our language "the lumpenproletariat," whose members are not part of the productive apparatus (they live on the margins of the proletariat). However, after that, of course, this helped me understand the ideology of the proletariat, but I cannot say that I was part of the proletariat at that time.

However, from the beginning, you were able to see reality from the perspective of the oppressed.

Yes, you can say that. However, this concept of mine was not crystallized in a scientific analytical way, but rather was merely an expression of an emotional state.